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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1957.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

B's LETTERS

THE Soviet Union's new diplomatic campaign, carefully timed to overshadow the coming Nato conference in Paris, has now become an all-out offensive to swing world opinion against the West's nuclear armament plans for the Continent.

Although it is a global campaign, it appears to be particularly aimed at the United States as the one country eligible for "great power" relationship with the Soviet Union.

The letter sent by Marshal Bulganin to President Eisenhower contains a number of important features absent from those despatched to the British, French, West German, Dutch and Belgian heads of governments.

Marshal Bulganin, while not ignoring other countries altogether, has made it plain that only through the co-operation of the United States can full agreement be reached to end the arms race.

There is a proposal that the United States and the Soviet Union take steps to end the cold war and a suggestion that both countries enter into a friendship pact without reference to the other partners of the North Atlantic Alliance.

Objective

MARSHAL Bulganin's objective is plain. It is an attempt to split the Alliance working on the fact that there are still many isolationists in the United States who are not only against American participation in world affairs but are also afraid of a global war precipitated by a European country.

All the letters vary in their approach but common to the entire correspondence is the thesis that vulnerability is increased by the establishment of missile bases and the possession of nuclear weapons.

But while each head of government has received individual treatment from Marshal Bulganin, President Eisenhower appears to have been placed in a special position.

The Soviet appeal to him is made as one leader of an alliance to another with an implicit assumption that the triplicate Western leadership of the United States, Britain and France is a thing of the past. It is now up to President Eisenhower to disillusion the Russian Prime Minister.

DUTCH LOSE ALL FIRMS

Take-Over Ordered By Army

Djakarta, Dec. 13. The army today ordered its territorial and district commanders to take over all companies still in Dutch hands to prevent further seizures by Communist-led unions.

ESTATES HANDED OVER

The Hague, Dec. 13.

The Netherlands news agency said tonight that, according to a report from Djakarta, the managers of 600 Dutch estates in Indonesia had either handed over their authority to their oldest Indonesian employee or were about to do so.

The agency quoted Dr J. Meyer, a Dutchman of the syndicate of estate owners as saying that within a week of handing over their authority the estate managers would transfer inventories and cash.

Dr Meyer said the transfer of authority had already taken place on a number of estates in Djakarta.—Reuter.

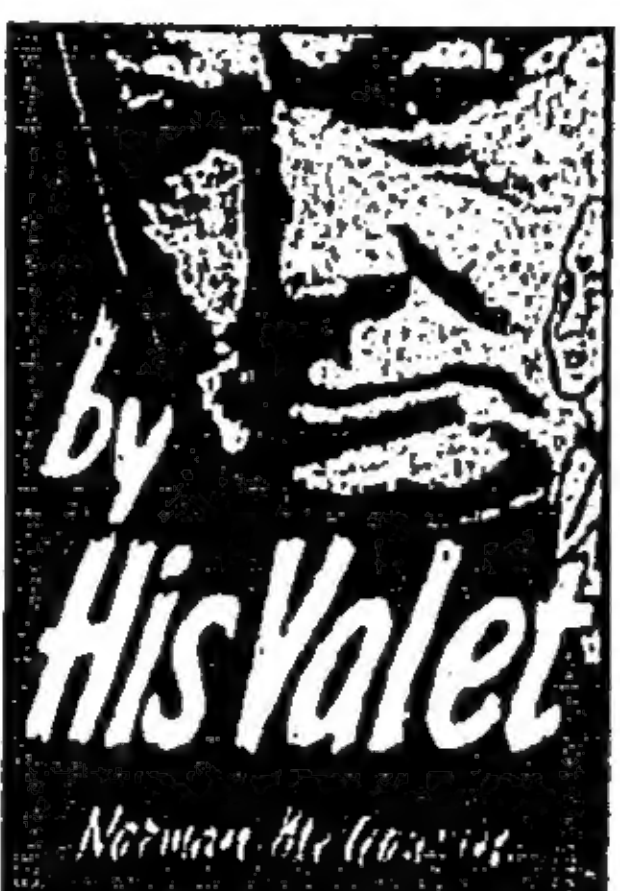
Employment Decline

Washington, Dec. 13.

Nearly every major sector of the economy contributed to the decline in employment from October to November, Government figures indicate.

One exception was retail and wholesale trade. But even there the employment increase of 165,000 was weak. The pre-holiday season usually produces a bigger upturn.—United Press.

CHURCHILL



the closest close up you ever read begins

CHINA MAIL MONDAY

Foot Releases Cypriot Women

Nicosia, Dec. 13.

Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, today visited 12 Cypriot-Greek women who had petitioned him for their release from Nicosia central prison where they are held as suspected terrorists.

He saw the women and ordered the immediate release of two. He said he had just been told that their continued detention was inadvisable on medical grounds.

The two women, Nitsa Higeorgiou, 25, and Elenitsa Seraphim, 32, had been detained without trial for nearly 18 months and about one year, respectively, under section 18B of the Cyprus emergency regulations.

This was the first time during the island emergency that a governor has visited the prison and the first time a governor has personally answered a petition from detainees.

NO TIME

An official statement said the Governor told the women he had not yet had time to study their papers and to know more about the reasons for their detention.

He could not, therefore, give any decision until he had had a chance to review their case in the light of the security situation.

Apart from two isolated incidents today, Cyprus received calmly the news of the decision of the United Nations Political Committee last night approving a Greek resolution aimed at eventual self-determination for the colony.—Reuter.

THREE MAIN PROBLEMS FOR NATO

Paris, Dec. 13.

M. Christian Pineau, the French Foreign Minister told reporters here tonight that there were three main problems for the Nato conference. These were:

1. Political problems, including reinforcing of Atlantic authority, disarmament, and the political situation in "certain parts of the world" which he declined to specify.
2. The political and technical aspects of creating a scientific community.
3. The division of armaments manufacture and "various technical problems."

Solidarity

M. Pineau said: "The problem is to know whether Atlantic solidarity is expressing itself politically in a way which justifies all the military effort involved."

M. Pineau was answering questions following a meeting between French ministers and Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State.

Asked about the problem of missiles and launching bases in France, M. Pineau said that the technical problems involved might be brought up during the Nato sessions but no decision would be taken there. This would be the subject of bilateral Franco-American talks.

M. Pineau also said in reply to questions that Marshal Bulganin's letters to other Prime Ministers might be brought up when the Nato meeting discussed Soviet intentions.

He said replies to the Bulganin letter would be given in due course.

Smiling

M. Felix Gaillard, the French Prime Minister, saw Mr. Dulles to his car after the meeting. Both were smiling as they posed for photographers.

French sources said it was possible that other Franco-American talks would be held during the next few days.—Reuter.

Eisenhower On Way To Paris

Washington, Dec. 13. President Eisenhower took off by plane at 10 p.m. for Paris.

The President's plane took off on the first leg of the flight—a two-hour-and-35-minute hop to Loring Air Force Base in Maine. The pilot called the weather forecast for the flight the "best we've ever had this time of year."

The President's limousine arrived at the airport 10 minutes before takeoff. Mrs. Eisenhower, who remained in Washington, gave the chief executive a goodbye kiss and a wifely pat on the shoulder before he stepped out of the car.

HEAVY OVERCOAT

The President, who wore a heavy blue overcoat and a black and white muffler, twice doffed his hat at the assembled group of Government officials and diplomats despite the cold weather.

Before leaving, Mr. Eisenhower chatted briefly with Vice-President Richard M. Nixon. He promised Nixon to "keep your folks informed" of developments in Paris and asked the Vice-President to "give my love" to Mrs. Nixon.

As the plane taxied out to the runway, Mrs. Eisenhower waved goodbye from the car window. When news photographers gathered about, she mentioned them away explaining: "Well, I want to get out and wave to him."—United Press.

Singapore Leader Threatens Banks

Singapore, Dec. 13.

Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, leader of Singapore's powerful left-wing People's Action Party, today told the Legislative Assembly Singapore banks might some day be taken over like banks in Djakarta.

He complained during the budget debate about the amount of money "had gone down the drain" in compensation to British civil servants who lost their jobs in Malayanisation.

Mr. Lee said it would take a generation to recover this money in economies resulting from Malayanisation. This was a grim prospect, he said, and would have to be considered "one of these days."

"We might have to consider doing things to the Chartered Bank and the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank like the happenings in Djakarta," he said.

He spoke of banners being placed across the entrance to the banks saying: "Taken over by the people of Singapore to pay compensation to ex-patriates."—Reuter.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapiet" RACE 1

Not So Bad Sultan
Free Kick
Outsider:—Diamond Lili.

RACE 2

As You Like It
Angela
Million Bonus
Outsider:—Que Sera.

RACE 3

Full Ahead
Beautiful Lie
Never Forget
Outsider:—Eccstasy.

RACE 4

Jake
Welcome
Knock-down
Outsider:—Golden Branch.

RACE 5

King Kong
Hiawatha
Lawrence
Outsider:—Tell-me-more.

RACE 6

Huntington
Shillelagh
Sea Raider
Outsider:—Ol Lok Princess.

RACE 7

All Gay
Princess Ellen
Santa Maria
Outsider:—Vendetta.

RACE 8

Barrington
Milky Way
Permanent View
Outsider:—Jemima P.

By "The Turf" RACE 1

Not So Bad
Diamond Lili
Free Kick
Outsider:—Sultan.

RACE 2

Angela
As You Like It
Que Sera
Outsider:—Million Bonus.

RACE 3

Full Ahead
Eccstasy
Beautiful Lie
Outsider:—Never Forget.

RACE 4

Jake
Mercury
Strathlan
Outsider:—Johnber.

RACE 5

King Kong
Guy Minstrel
Hiawatha
Outsider:—Ngan Loong.

RACE 6

Ol Lok Princess
Shillelagh
Sea Raider
Outsider:—Lynner.

RACE 7

Princess Ellen
All Gay
Santa Maria
Outsider:—Bongal Lancer.

RACE 8

Milky Way
Barrington
Ivan-Ho
Outsider:—Jemima P.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

For Race 5

Just an overgrown anthropoid.
Our Teaser Tip for the last meeting: "Lee Kip. Just a crazy mixed up Chinese kid" (Kelpie) came in third and paid \$7.20.

COAL FOUND IN ANTARCTIC

London, Dec. 13.

Important coal deposits have been discovered in the Antarctic by two geologists of the New Zealand polar expedition, led by Everest conqueror, Sir Edmund Hillary, it was learned here today.

The deposits were discovered under a thick glacier layer in Rossland between the huge Mackay and Fry glaciers, led by geologists S. Gunn and G. Warren, who are prospecting a 200-mile mountainous area in a dog-sleds.

The party has climbed a 10,000 feet unnamed peak in the Prince Albert chain.

The New Zealand expedition is making its way northwards where it expects to join the British expedition, led by Dr Vivian Fuchs, near the South Pole.—France-Press.

UN BUDGET FOR UNEF

New York, Dec. 13.

The United Nations General Assembly agreed today to spend up to 10 million dollars to maintain the UN Emergency Force (UNEF) during the first half of 1958.

The Assembly adopted the estimate of the Budgetary Committee without discussion by 45 votes to nine. The nine Soviet bloc countries voted against adoption.

The estimates are "exclusive of extra and extraordinary costs." A budget for the full year is expected in the next session.—Reuter.

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KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY

Her Ambition Drove Her to Broadway Heights—
also Led to Her Downfall



KIM NOVAK
JEFF CHANDLER
in **GEORGE SIDNEY'S**
Jeanne Eagels
CO-STARRING
AGNES MOOREHEAD
CHARLES OSGOOD, LARRY GATES, VICTORIA GRIFF, GENE LEE GRIFF
Screen Play by LARRY LUGER, SIDNEY LUGER and FRED LUGER
Story by DANIEL FUCHS, Produced and Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
At 11.00 a.m.

"TOM & JERRY" Variety Programme
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

presented by M-G-M

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

KING'S TO-MORROW AT 12.10 P.M.

Warner Brothers Presents
"THE ANIMAL WORLD"
in Technicolor
Reduced Admissions: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.

M-G-M presents **JUDY GARLAND** in
"THE WIZARD OF OZ"
Judy's Greatest Hit — in Technicolor
Reduced Admissions: \$1.00, \$1.50

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.
The FIRST Picture in TECHNICOLOR!

IT COULD ONLY
HAPPEN IN
FABULOUS
MONTE
CARLO!



Marlene Dietrich
Ullrich
De Sica
The Monte Carlo Story
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M TECHNICOLOR FOX TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices
STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
M-G-M presents 20th Century-Fox presents
"WATERLOO BRIDGE" In CinemaScope & Color
Starring: Robert Taylor "BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE"
Vivian Leigh Ruth Roman

OPENING TO-MORROW
"ENEMY FROM SPACE"

BROADWAY'S BIG
BOY-LOVES-PAJAMA-GIRL
SENSATION IS
ON THE SCREEN!
The Pajama Game
STARRING
Doris Day
WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE!

Anthony Fuller's Column

SOHO RETURNS TO THE SCREEN SOON

SOHO comes back to the screen soon. You will see it in a film that Columbia have made in London called "Spin a Dark Web." It is as authentic as Soho itself, and although it is made in black and white, it makes "Miracle in Soho" look silly.

On the other hand, I get very annoyed with the producers and the script writers for not exploiting the other side of Soho.

In the first case, you cannot deny that of late, Soho has taken over Chicago's unenviable position. The film does not wrap it up. The opening shots are something like a Wolfenden Committee documentary. Of course 'tea girls' always did hang around Soho, but before the war, it had something of the vic de bohème about it. The last time I saw Soho, it was rapidly becoming a spivs' paradise.

I do wish some film company would capture its atmosphere before it passes away, because it is all there for anyone to help themselves.

A film as good as "Moulin Rouge" is there for the taking.

Do you know that the tavern just at the back of the Hippodrome was a place where Zante, Johnson, Ernest Dowson, and others of the Rhymers' Club used to meet for a drink?

Do you know that just at the back of Greek Street poor Thompson scribbled those wonderful lines:

"But (when so sad that thou
canst no sadder)

Cry—and upon thy so sure
loss

Shall shine the traffic of
Jacob's ladder

Pitched betwixt Heaven and
Charles Cross."

Francis Thompson was befriended by a harlot who discovered him fainting after selling matches all day at Charles Cross, just under the arches.

Would that not be the real Miracle of Soho?

Then take this as a shooting script:

The camera tracks through the door of a cheap restaurant in Soho. It holds a table in the

corner. It picks out the pink pool of light from a cheap lamp set in the middle of the table.

It tracks onto the face (close-up) of a young man of pathetic charm, the face of a demoralised Keats.

Sitting opposite him is a young Polish girl.

He pulls from his pocket a rough piece of paper and begins to read:

"Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine

There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed

Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine...."

Yes, that really happened, another miracle in Soho. After all, it is no small affair to be able to make a poet—and break his heart. Yet this is no less than what Adelaide Foltinowicz was able to do. For, if you want to know the rest of the miracle in Soho, Adelaide, or Blaise, to whom Dowson's poems are dedicated, left the poet and married the waiter in her mother's restaurant. Yet to this day, if you buy Dowson's poems, you will find that dedication, 'To Missie (A.F.).'

So can you wonder why I get angry because today's angry young men write up Soho, and they don't know the first thing about the place.

There's a first class film waiting to be made about Soho.



The forthcoming film of Columbia's "Town on Trial" carries more human interest stories than many films of late. Take, for instance, old man Coburn who shows up in this production.

He has always been a great favourite of mine, perhaps because he is an actor who has learned his stuff the hard way.

Charles Coburn comes from Savannah, where he got his first taste of the stage by working as a programme boy during a run of the Mikado at a local theatre.

When a minor member of the cast fell ill, and a replacement had to be found in a hurry, Coburn volunteered to fill the role. For the next few years, he played with a succession of stock companies, first as a juvenile and leading man, finally as a star.

In 1908, Coburn married attractive Ivah Wills and with her formed the Coburn Players, destined to become, in the next twelve years, America's most famous Shakespearean Repertory Company.

In 1918, he was lured away from Shakespearean roles to play the part of Old Bill in the Broadway production of "The

Better 'Ole," a role he played, for three sensational seasons.

His other Broadway successes include: "French Leave," "Yellow Jacket," and "The First Legion."

In 1937, after his wife's untimely death, Coburn quit the stage for Hollywood, appearing in such films as: "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell," "Stanley and Livingston," "King's Row," and others. Now we shall see him in "Town on Trial."

The story of Elizabeth Seal, whose introduction to films is made in "Town on Trial," is not without interest.

She originally trained for the ballet, and was about to join Sadler's Wells company, when she suffered a severe ankle injury. That put an end to her dreams of becoming a ballerina.

But this setback did not stop Elizabeth from becoming a first-rate musical comedy dancer.

She worked her way up to fame by obtaining the starring role in the London production of "The Pajama Game."

Now, in "Town on Trial," she is tackling dramatic acting in a new entertainment medium.

I like these stories of courage, and the mummies world can match any profession for stories of cold courage.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Jean Eagels." A story of ruthless ambition in the theatre world. Kim Novak and Jeff Chandler.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Kiss them for Me." Cary Grant on a four-day binge, with Jayne Mansfield and Suzy Parker.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Monte Carlo Story." Hitch stakes and low-cut gowns. Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "Adorable Creatures." An ultra-sophisticated French comedy. Martine Carol, Edwige Fenech, and Danielle Darrieux.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Seventh Sin." Eleanor Parker, George Sanders, Bill Travers, and Jean Pierre Aumont, in a new version of "The Painted Veil."

LEE THEATRE: "The Bolshoi Ballet" filmed at the Royal Covent Gardens Opera House. Galina Ulanova.

COMING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Town on Trial." An entire town is on trial for a brutal murder, and Scotland Yard intervenes. John Mills, Charles Coburn, and Barbara Bates.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "April Love." Pat Boone and Shirley Jones, in a twentieth century musical pastiche.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Tailored Dress." A fast excellent courtroom drama. Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain, Jack Carson, Gail

Russell, and Elaine Stewart.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA: "Band of Angels." A tremendous story that snaps the bonds of convention. Clark Gable and Yvonne De Carlo.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Invisible Boy." Horror grips the earth as a Robot runs amok. Bobby the Robot.

LEE THEATRE: "The Pajama Game." Doris Day, John Raitt, and Carol Haney.

HOOVER : LIBERTY

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GEORGE SANDERS AUMONT
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Lou Costello in "MEET CAPTAIN KIDD" Reduced Admission

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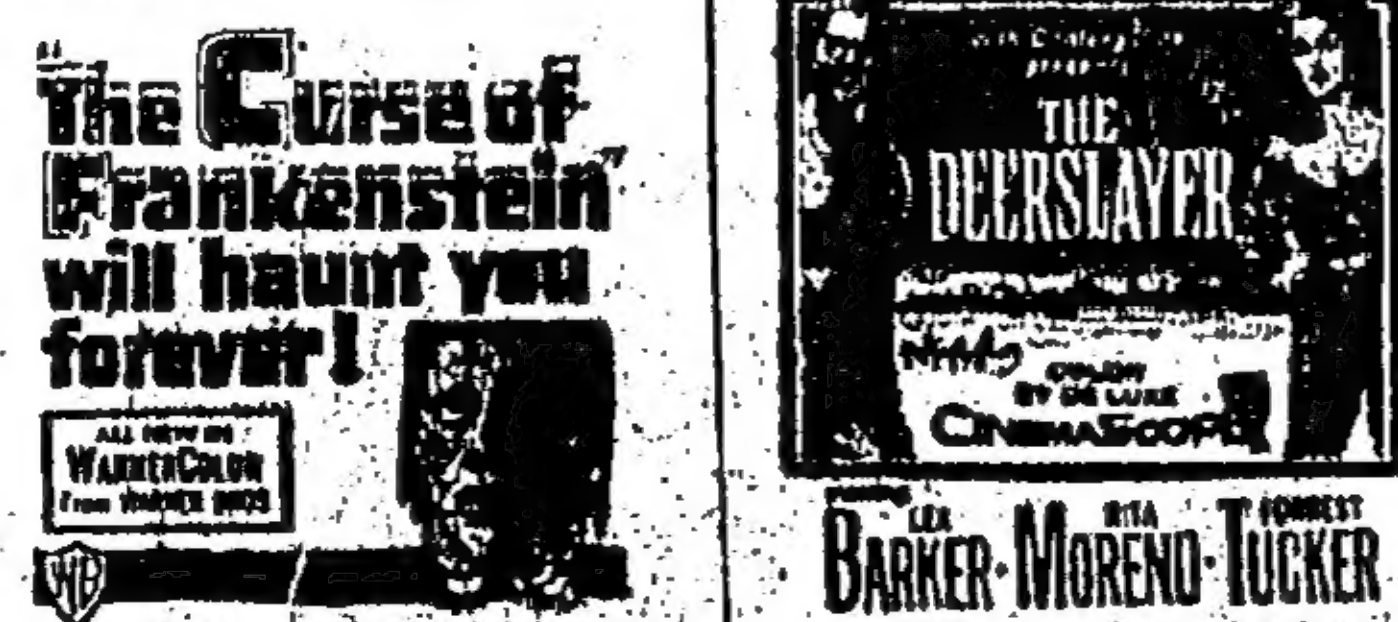
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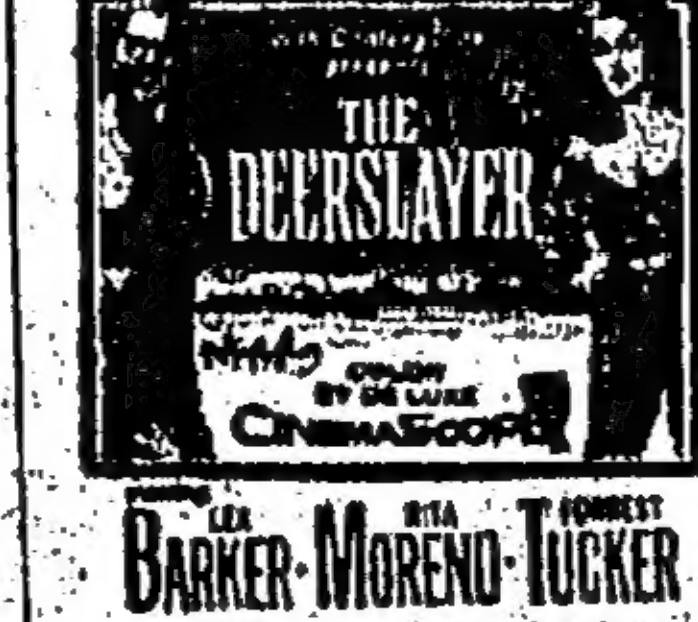
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THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN
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ALL NEW! WAREHOUSE FILM THREE DAYS

Morning Show To-Morrow 12.10 "DR Jekyll & MR HYDE"

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TO-DAY

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WITH A Gay AND Saucy Touch!



"Adorable Creatures"

Starring **MARTINE CAROL**
DANIELLE DARRIEUX

Published by BETH FRYER PUBLISHERS

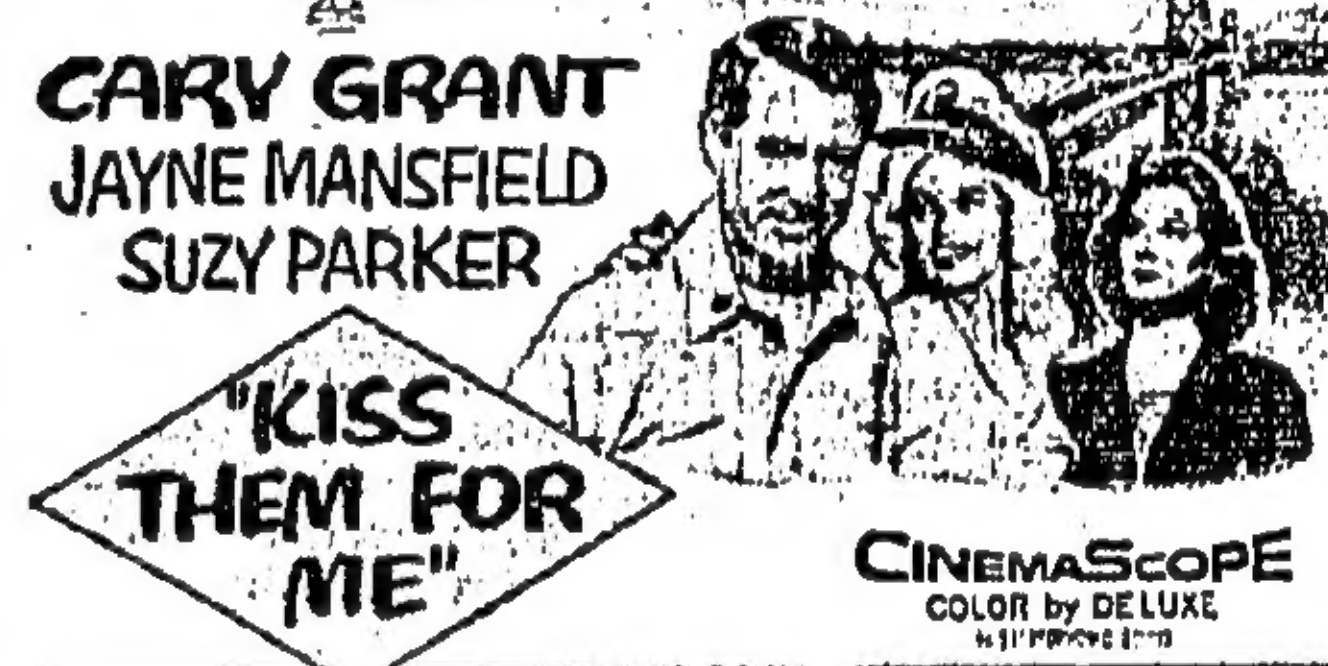
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Starring 3 STOOGES COMEDIES
CLAYTON MOORE & VARIETY PROGRAMME
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"KISS THEM FOR ME"
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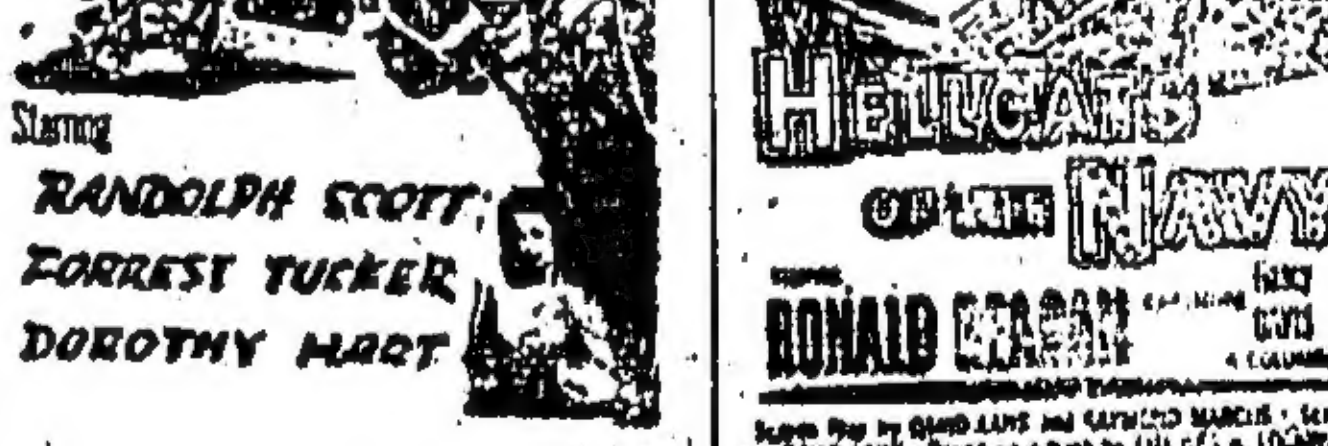
ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow.
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BROADWAY: Tomorrow Special Morning Show At 11 a.m.
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GUNFIGHTERS
Starring RANDOLPH SCOTT
FORREST TUCKER
DOROTHY HART

To-Morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
Johnny Johnston in "ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK"

To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 p.m. "HELLGATE"

The Garrison Players

present: CHARLES DICKENS'

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"

adapted by SHAWN SUTTON

in KING GEORGE'S HALL

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

on

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at 8.00 p.m.

Seas at \$4.00, \$5.00 & \$3.50

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BOOK EARLY!

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Moon-Ships In The Sky

Madrid. Glimpses of a strange new world in which huge freight-carrying rocket-ships with human pilots will hurtle through the skies from Melbourne to Manchester or from Berlin to Buenos Aires, in which moon-ships with crews will take off for outer space with a high probability of returning unharmed, and in which "terminal satellites" will float out into space to provide a laboratory for scientists and a jumping-off place for visiting the universe, were given by speakers at the recent space congress in Barcelona.

A STRANGE NEW WORLD OPENS UP AT SPACE CONFERENCE

sky and reach a speed of 7,000 miles per hour before the first component detached itself. The two-rocket group, weighing 70 tons, would shoot up to 41 miles before the small six-ton rocket detached itself from its hind partner and went on into space as the real moon-ship.

The first two rockets would each have crews and would return to earth. The six-ton moon-ship with its crew of three could be used for a trip to the moon or for exploration of space or it could fly to a "terminal satellite" in space.

Scientists at Barcelona saw "terminal satellites" performing such functions as transmitting television programmes to the whole of the earth's surface. They believed that by providing a "wheel" to create an artificial condition of the pull of gravity, scientists and technicians would be able to spend some time in such satellites without ill effects.

atmosphere without burning up the vehicle by unduly high velocity causing the ship's surface to become incandescent with the friction of the air, is another headache for space-men.

EXPENDITURE

But the engineers and the scientists see no problems ahead which cannot be solved by the expenditure of large sums of money and by intense scientific investigation. They think that man will first fly crews in rockets between points on the earth. In the meantime, guided space-ships will go out towards the universe and will report back valuable data with their instruments.

Finally, will come the great event—the manned moon-ship going forth to explore the universe.

SATELLITES

Naturally, either the satellite would have to be pressurized or the personnel would have to wear pressurized suits for otherwise the blood of a human being would boil under space conditions. Unless he was in a "wheel" creating an artificial gravity, the inhabitant of a space-ship or a satellite would have to accustom himself to such strange conditions as finding that he could "lie down" two or three feet off the floor without touching anything.

He, or she, would have to get used to the fact that beer could not be poured out of a bottle but would have to be squeezed out of a flexible container. Life would probably be simpler for human beings in the artificial gravity within a rotating "wheel" where conditions would be more normal.

There are, of course, many problems still to be solved before rocket-ships with crews head up into space.

The possible harmful effects of the cosmic rays in space on human beings have to be studied. The problem of "re-entry" into the earth's

INTELLIGENT

"We should all like to meet intelligent beings from other planets," he said, "and, still more, to find that they have discovered the secrets of a perfect civilization. If anyone can prove convincingly that the reasoning of the present paper is wrong, no one would be better pleased than its author."

By Henry Buckley

The Headline Is Hanging Down

London. THERE is dismay down on a farm at Oxford. Somebody has neatly snipped the tails from Farmer Edward Howse's 40 prize Guernsey cows and nine Shire horses.

HOW was it done? "A mystery," said Mr. Howse, of Seacourt Farm. "It's a fantastic attack on defenceless animals. And they look so peculiar." EACH cow had the hair of its tail snipped in the same way—15 inches of bushy elegance. And the horses, 3ft. each of magnificent brown tail.

STRANGE

TIME of the snip-and-run attack? Said Farmer Howse: "Always after dark when the animals are resting in my meadow."

A FRESH tail goes almost every week. "It's upsetting the animals," said Mr. Howse. LEADING vets in the area have been called in to examine the cows and horses. EACH has said the same thing: "Whoever has done this must have a wonderful way with animals. Most beasts rear up in alarm if a stranger interferes with their tails."

CASE

ONE theory: small boys with scissors and knives are responsible. FOR animal hair is fetching high prices—about 7s. 6d. a lb. from people who use it to stuff cushions and chairs.

OF SNIP

A CLUE to the tail-snipping: A small boy was spotted recently playing near a horse. Shortly afterwards another tail was missing—and pieces of the horse's mane and forelock had vanished.

AND RUN

THE latest horse victims are the brothers Prince and Turpin, both show champions. ALL they have left for tails are stumps. "I cannot possibly enter them in shows like that," said Mr. Howse. IN time the snipped tails will grow again—but it will take two years for the horses, about 15 months for the cows. LATEST: Police are investigating. "And," said Mr. Howse "we've laid a secret trap. I am determined to catch the culprits."

HE (A BIRD) ASKS HIS WAY HOME

Stockport. When Joey the budgerigar gets lost, he just asks the way home. Joey disappeared two weeks ago. Last week he decided he was getting homesick. So he walked up to a nice-looking woman and told her "I am Joey Arnold of 25 Canal Street, Stockport."

The woman phoned Joey's owner, who promptly came to reclaim the prodigal budgie.

Now they're wondering why Joey didn't ask his way home sooner.—United Press.

It Costs Money

London. A man who called at a house in Halesowen for some water after his car radiator ran dry was told:

"I can't let you have it. Water here costs half a crown for 2,000 gallons."—United Press.

The Russian Beggar Is A Rich Man

London. One of the highest paid vocations in the Soviet Union is that of a professional beggar.

They make on average 200 roubles (HK\$300 at the legal rate) a day.

Moscow Radio told its listeners the other night that giving alms to beggars had no justification in "our society and country."

Komsomol lecturer Lelina Bogdanova said she had been told after one of her lectures, by "a not over young woman worker" that this woman gave to the poor.

"I shall not become poor by giving 10 kopecks to a beggar who may not have enough to buy some bread," the lecturer quoted the woman as saying.

Why, added the Komsomol teacher, "A beggar collects on the average up to 200 roubles and sometimes more a day."—United Press.

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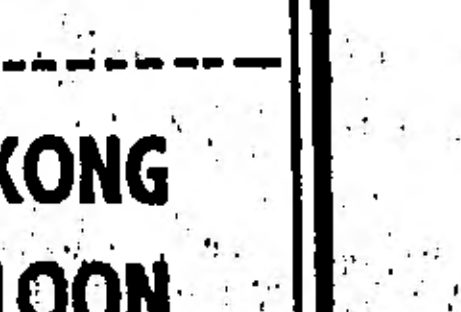
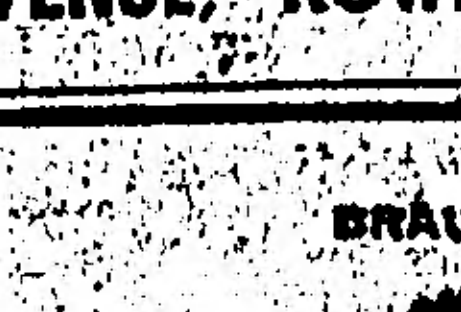
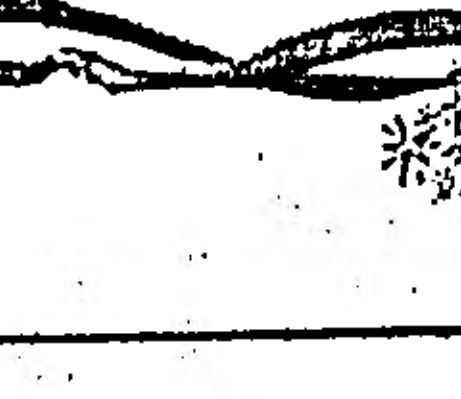
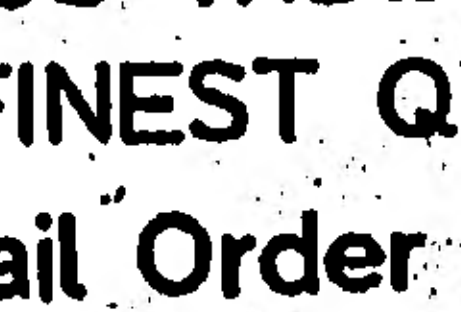
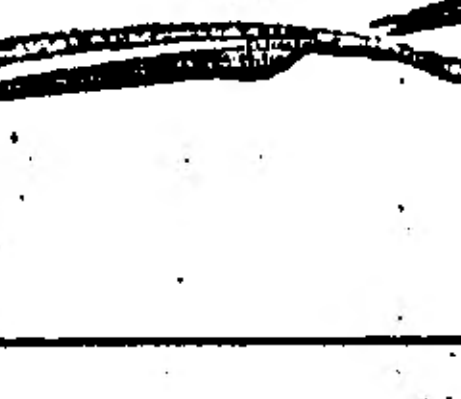
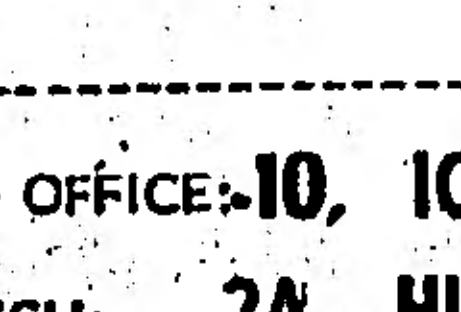
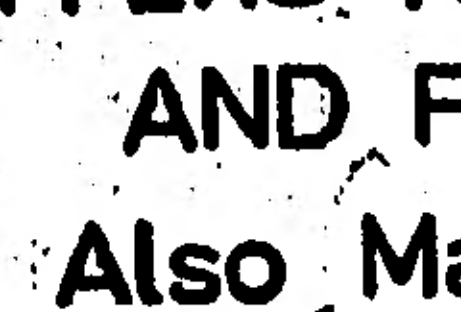
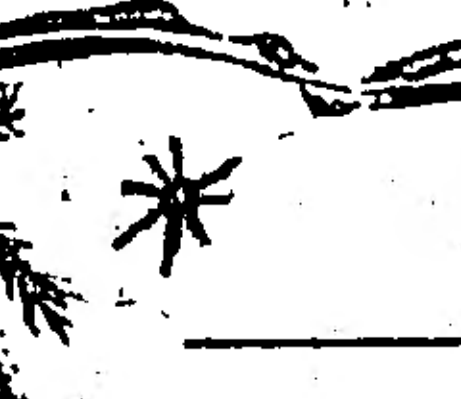
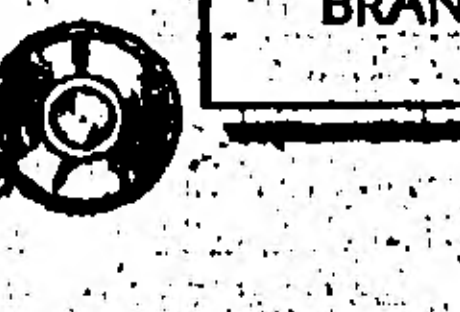
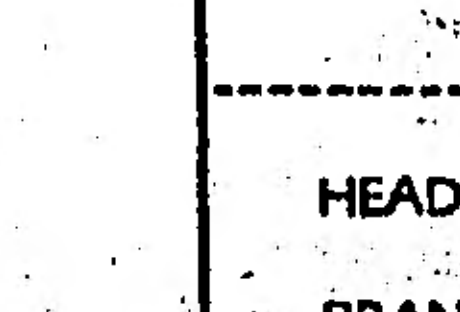
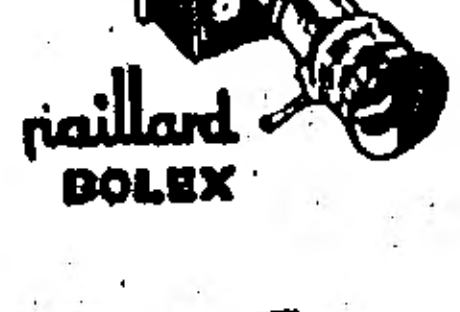
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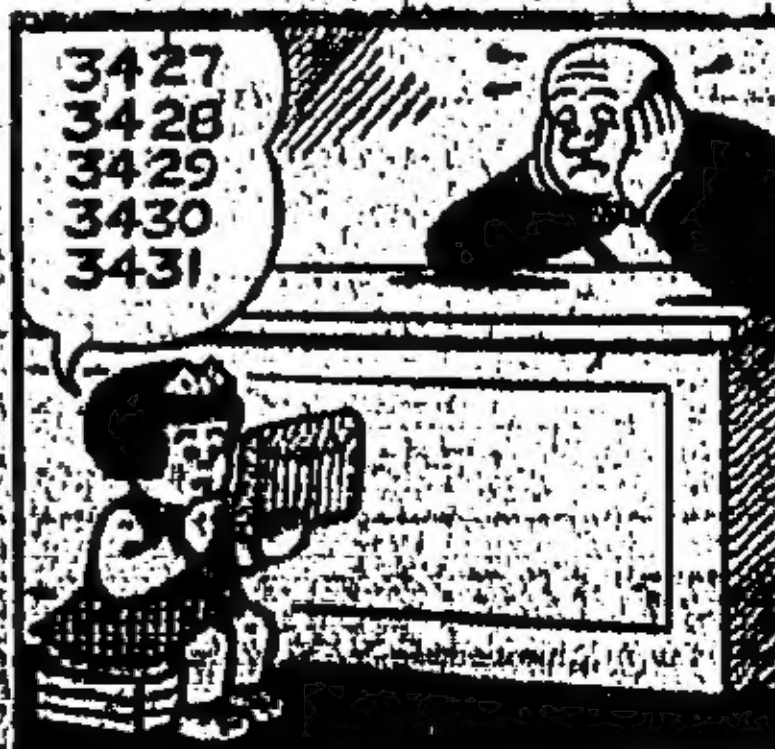


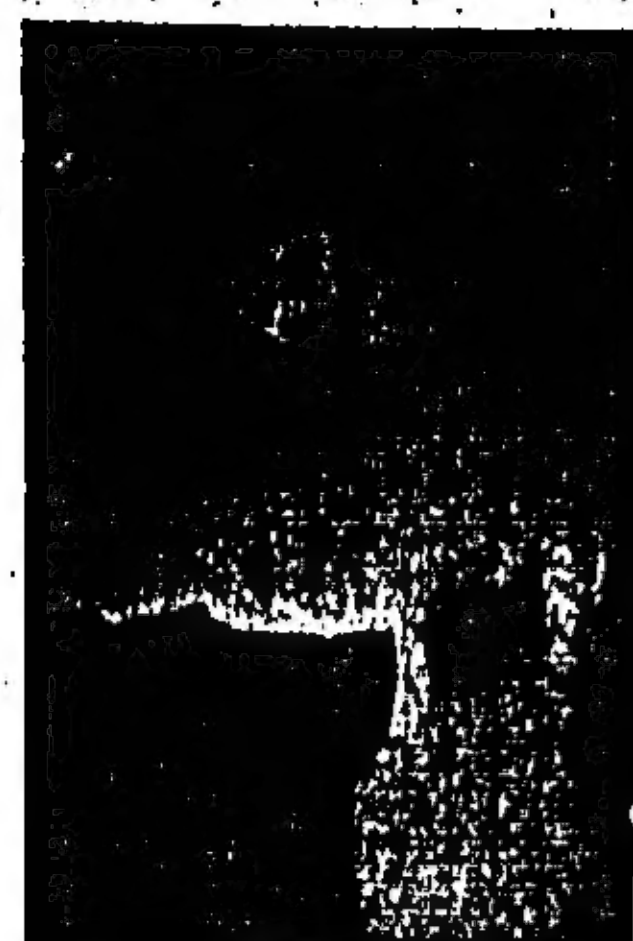
As Christmas approaches,
London is getting more
and more festive.
Illuminated balloons are
up in Regent Street, and
traffic crams Oxford
Circus, and crowds throng
Oxford Street, and gaze at
Selfridge's windows.

AN ENTIRE TREE
is cut down to secure
the top three to four
feet. A prime requisite
for perfect Canadian
Christmas trees is
that they be frost-
kissed, with sap in
the roots, before cut-
ting. Each woodman
is assigned an area
100 paces by 250
paces.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





And it was CHRISTMAS

by George Liu

It was a Saturday night, and the night-club was packed to capacity. The dancing couples on the floor were in a gay holiday mood. The band sensed this and swung into a rollicking rock 'n' roll number. That was when we first saw Anthony Lo.

Tony stood out from the rest. Making full use of every available inch of floor, he went smoothly from one complicated five routine into another. A pretty partner followed his steps with the ease born of long practice. We watched them throughout the set.

It was not until the lights went up that I saw his crutch.

I watched with disbelief as he threaded his way back to his table, adroitly seated his partner and settled back in his chair, leaning the crutch against a convenient wall. He smiled happily, starting an animated conversation with the girl.

It was after several days—and much persuasion—that the nightclub manager consented to introduce me. Then, comfortably settled in a corner booth, Tony told me he had been a cripple from infancy.

HE suffered an attack of rickets at the age of three months. The children's disease left both legs sapped of all strength, but the condition was not spotted until two years later when his parents noticed that he couldn't walk.

One leg was saved after a Chinese bone specialist used all his skill in a course of treatments that lasted eight years. But the other had to be left useless and deformed.

Tony grew up. At the age of six he shuffled and hopped about the house with the aid of a small bench held in his hands. On his eleventh birthday, he was given a pair of crutches. He tried them out for several weeks and, with an early sense of independence, promptly threw away one when he found he didn't need the pair.

He went through school with mixed feelings. La Salle College was a school of boisterous, active boys who filled him with envy at their nobility to play athletic games. Resentment flooded him every time he realised that he would, for the rest of his life, be handicapped. He couldn't face the word "cripple" without flinching.

But at the same time, he enjoyed to the full the warm comradeship among his classmates. After he learned to live with the quick adjustments at his deformed limb, he joined with gusto in all the activities open to him.

"All in all," he says now, "school days were wonderful. I often wish they were back."

Then, one day, he graduated. The world looked grim. Facing the facts squarely at last, he realised with something of a shock, the position he was really in: a cripple equipped with a solitary crutch and school-leaving diploma, he was entering a rough, fast and competitive world where the one qualification for existence was summed up, he decided, in a word: "Normal."

It was Christmas night, 1953. A classmate invited me weeks before to his party. In desperation to show everyone, but chiefly myself, that I was as good as any "normal" man, I practised all the dance steps in the book by myself. I'd go painfully from one routine to another to music on Rediffusion and radio programmes," he recalled.

By that time—and even now—the word "normal" was an obsession to him.

He dressed carefully for the occasion, tucking in the flapping end of his right trouser-leg. Arriving at the party, he overcame a sudden twinge of panic and went in to meet the gathering.

The noisy gaiety of the small group and the warmth of shouted greetings dispelled his uneasiness for a while. He settled into a chair and watched the dancing.

HE topped his foot to the strains of a jazzed up version of "Jingle Bells." Across the room, near a brightly-lit Christmas tree, he spotted a classmate going into a new routine with his partner. He nodded approval as the "dancers" went into a break, the girl twirling in a neat double spin, returning to position just as the record ended.

"She told me I danced better than most of the other chaps," he said. "I'll never really know whether she meant it, but I could have fallen in love with her just for saying it." Later, he did.

That was three years ago. Now the girl, pretty and petite Honey Wong, is engaged to Tony.

It was Honey who gave him that last spark of confidence to beat the odds in his fight to be "normal." He plunged into his shipping clerk's job with slivish determination.

"Before Honey came along, I found girls were willing to be friendly towards me. But they'd never dream of going out with me on a date like they did with other chaps," he said.

"Honey's different. Somehow, with her I never feel a cripple."

Tony decided that to lead a "normal" life—he had to be better than the average person: "I made up my mind to earn a higher-than-average salary, do work better than the others, and to know more about everything than the average chap."

"I HAD to be better—otherwise there was no place in society for me."

That was when it happened. His name shouted across the room brought back the panic. It was a classmate who, somehow, had learned of his practising dance-steps. "Come on, Tony, let's see what you can do!"

Soon they were all shouting for him. "The embarrassment was agony," he recalls now. "And when they kept up the shouts, I couldn't take it any more. I looked around in a daze, and asked the girl nearest to me for a dance. To my surprise she calmly stood up and held up her arms with a warm smile."

TONY doesn't recall much of that first dance. He was shaking with nervousness and concentrating so hard on his steps, he didn't notice the silence that had fallen in the room. The girl, with a surprised smile, followed him smoothly and easily after the first few faltering attempts.

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"She told me I danced better than most of the other chaps," he said. "I'll never really know whether she meant it, but I could have fallen in love with her just for saying it." Later, he did.

That was three years ago. Now the girl, pretty and petite Honey Wong, is engaged to Tony.

It was Honey who gave him that last spark of confidence to beat the odds in his fight to be "normal." He plunged into his shipping clerk's job with slivish determination.

"Before Honey came along, I found girls were willing to be friendly towards me. But they'd never dream of going out with me on a date like they did with other chaps," he said.

"Honey's different. Somehow, with her I never feel a cripple."

Tony decided that to lead a "normal" life—he had to be better than the average person: "I made up my mind to earn a higher-than-average salary, do work better than the others, and to know more about everything than the average chap."

"I HAD to be better—otherwise there was no place in society for me."

That was when it happened. His name shouted across the room brought back the panic. It was a classmate who, somehow, had learned of his practising dance-steps. "Come on, Tony, let's see what you can do!"

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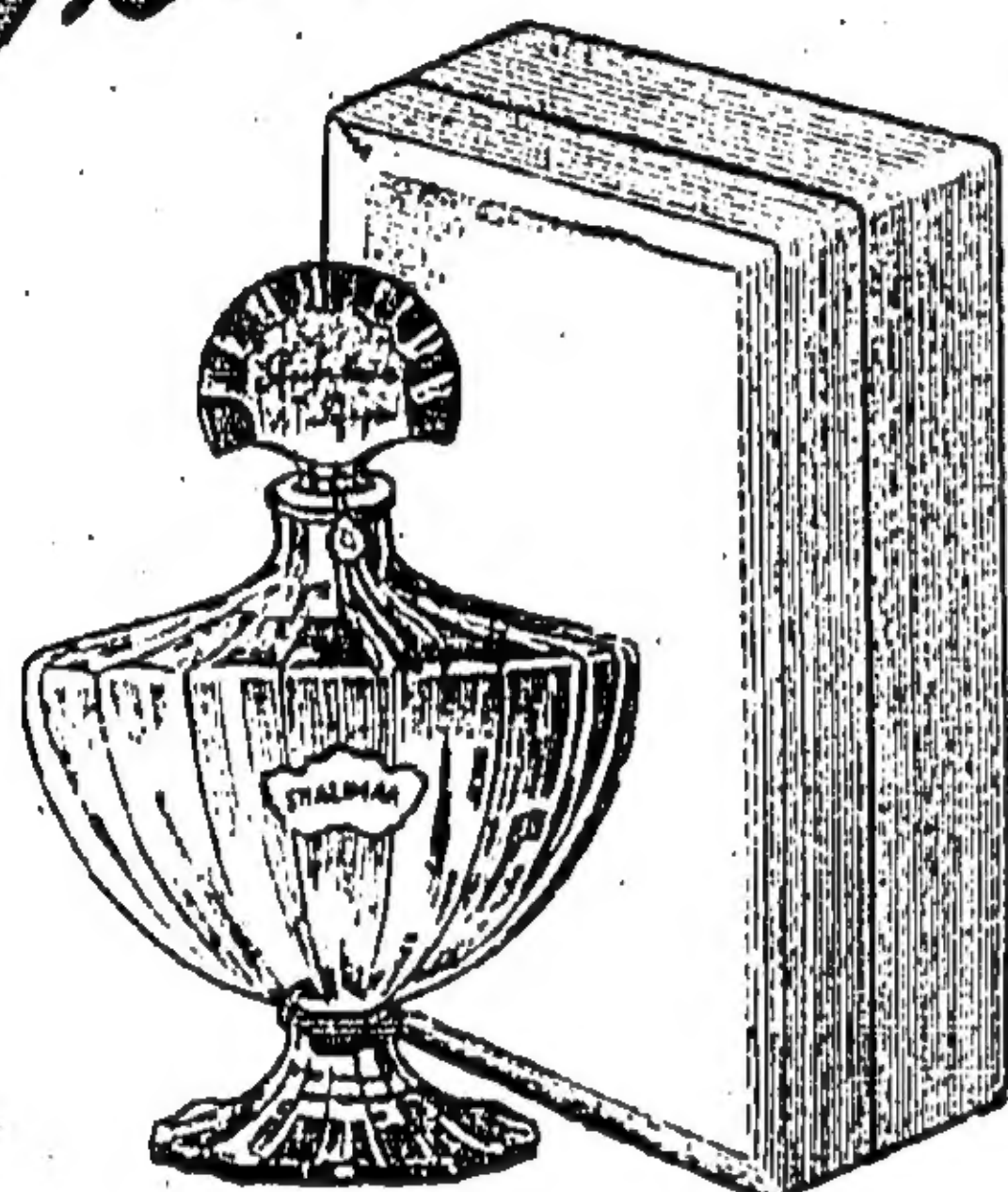
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by
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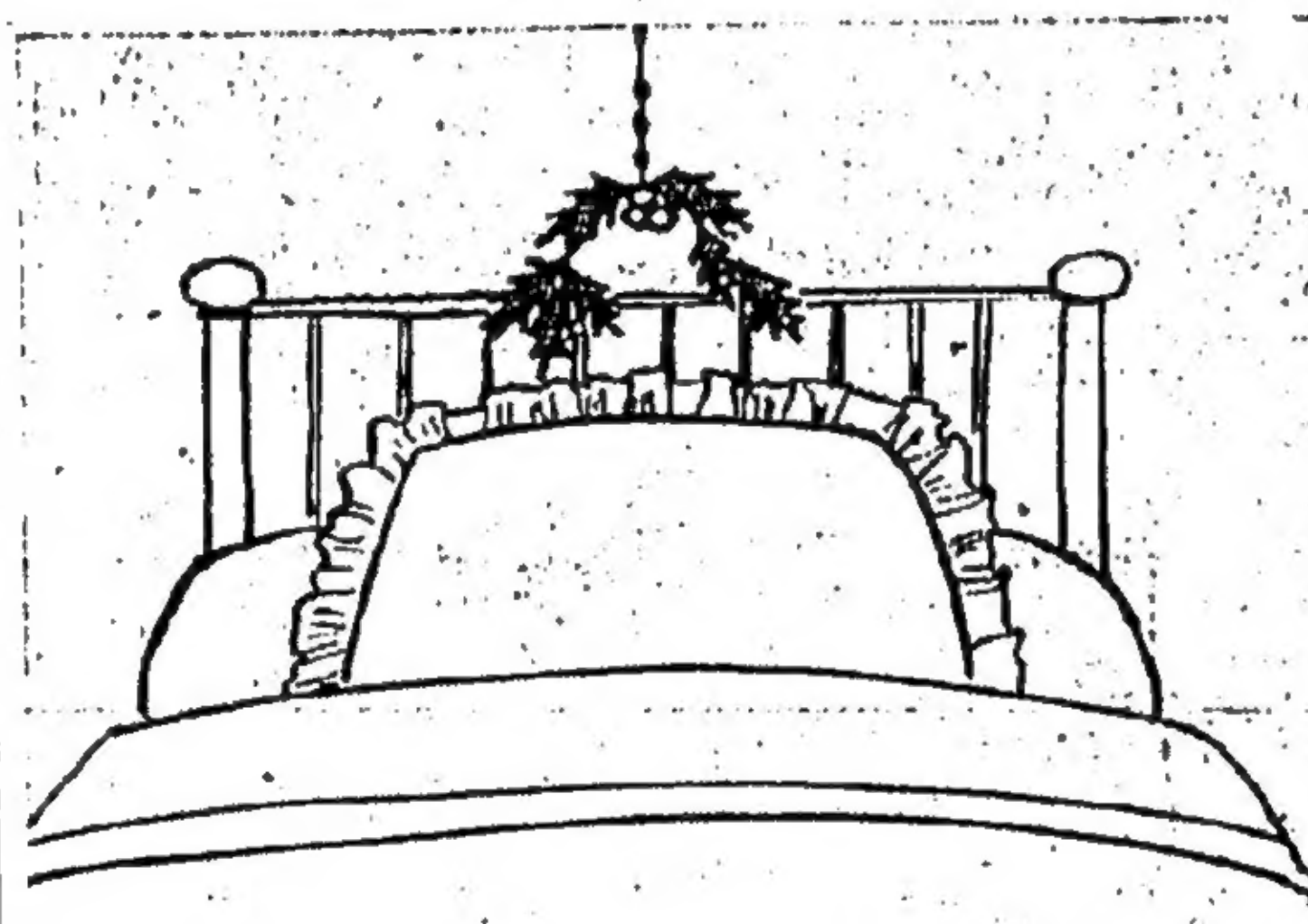
TO most people, a sprig of mistletoe is an excuse for a stolen kiss and, like holly, is an essential ingredient of the Christmas "atmosphere." But folklore has it that the white berries of mistletoe are the petrified tears of a grief-stricken goddess, whereas the red berries of holly are said to have magical properties for the love-lorn.

About mistletoe, only one thing is certain: it is very old. Even the origin of its name is shrouded in mystery. One story traces it to Germany, from the fact that birds eat the berries but 'spit out' the seeds. The German word for 'expelled matter' is 'mist'—thus, mistletoe.

Mistletoe is referred to in the early legends about Norsemen and Danes. One mythical tale is about the god Balder, poet and lover of all living things on earth.

It is said that he had a feeling he was about to die. He told his mother, the goddess Friga, about his fear. Friga, who was believed to be the creator of earth, fire, water, air, plants and animals, so the story goes, promised to protect him and instructed all the things she had created to help guard him against danger.

Another gives it a Saxon derivation—'from mist-tan', meaning 'a different twig'. Then there is a suggestion that the name of the 'kissing green' came from the ancient Druids' ceremonies, and a word meaning 'gloom twig'.



Friga grieved greatly and her tears descended from the heavens, freezing into white bells and fastening themselves to the mistletoe boughs... and ever after the plant that killed her son bore her tears of sorrow.

In Scandinavian countries, the plant has a holy significance. Sworn enemies meeting beneath it would shake hands and forget all their differences while standing under it.

This is the nearest one can get to the origin of the custom that a boy may claim a kiss from any girl... so long as they are under a sprig of mistletoe.

In Druid ceremonies, only the Druid was allowed to cut the plant, and he had to perform the operation with a knife of gold, specially blessed.

Mistletoe is a parasitic plant that attaches itself, usually to fruit trees.

Early Christians believed the Cross on which Christ was crucified, came from a mistletoe "tree"—and because of that the plant was relegated to a parasite.

HOLLY has a much more cheerful background. It is said, for example, to have magical properties in the marriage stakes.

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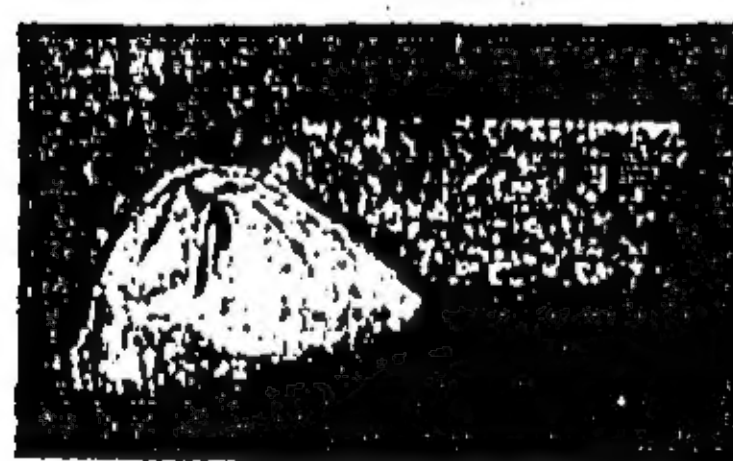


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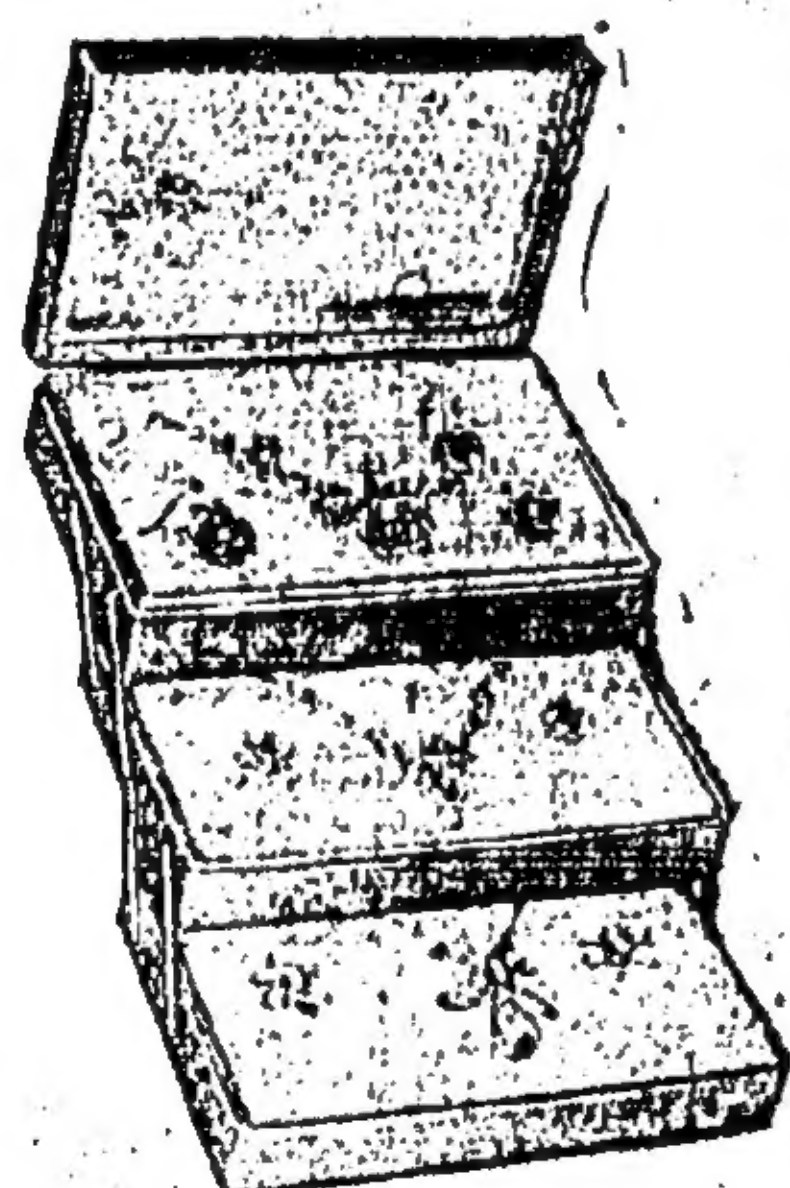
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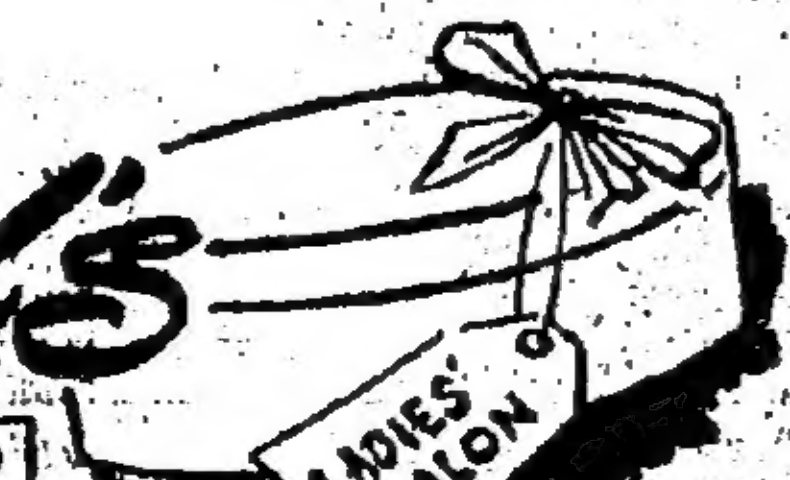
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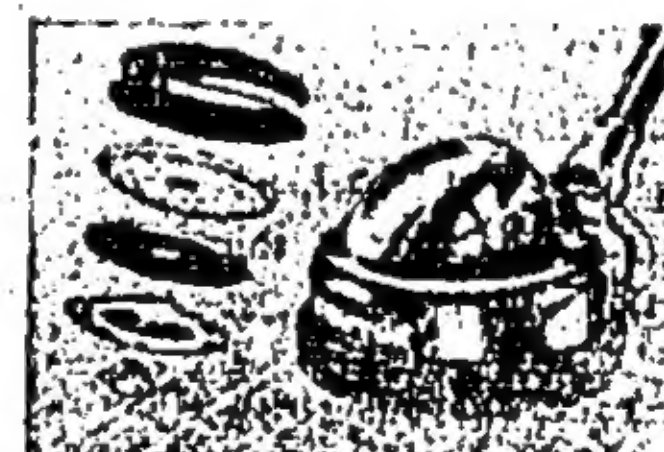
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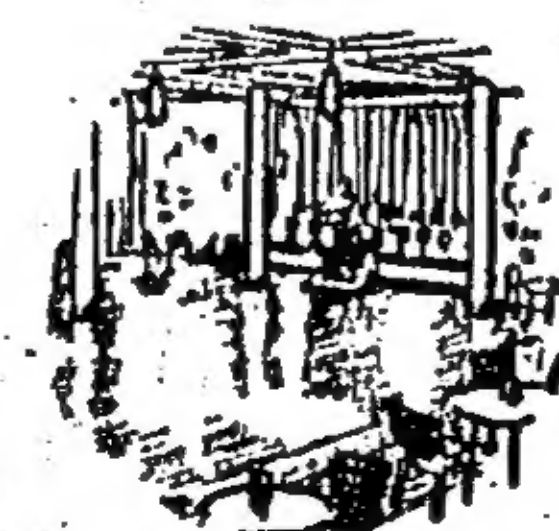
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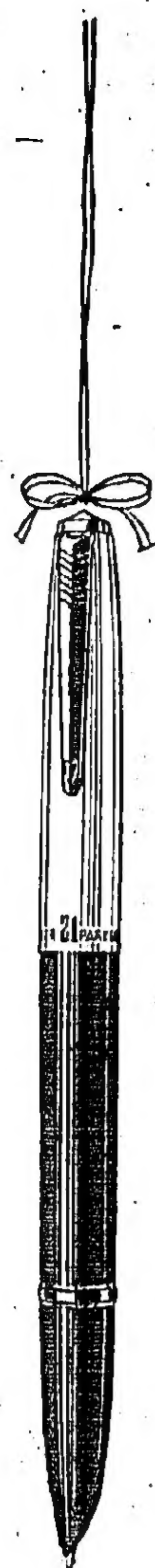
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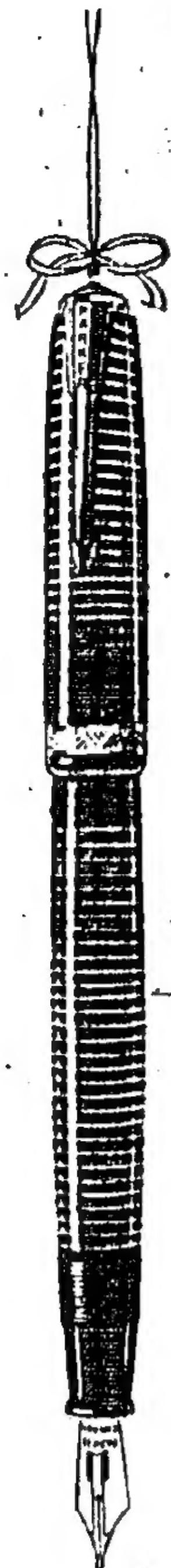
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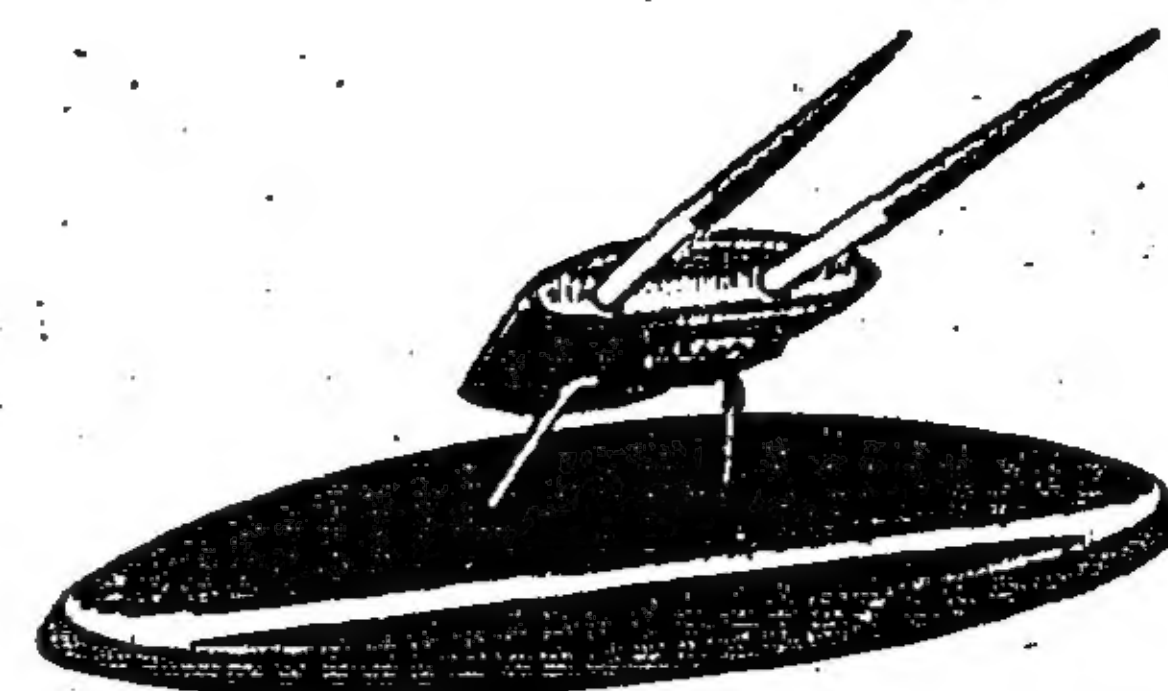
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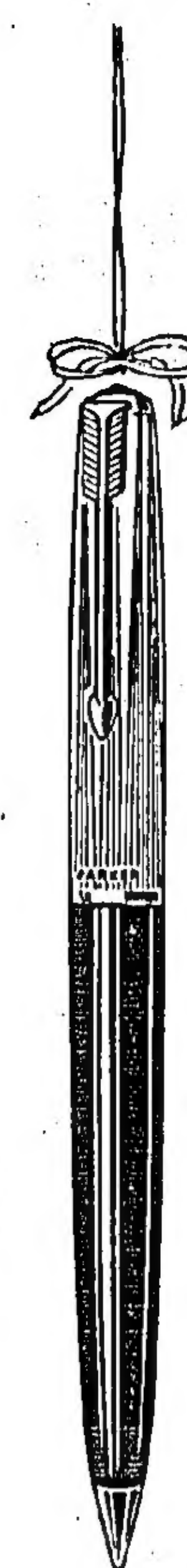
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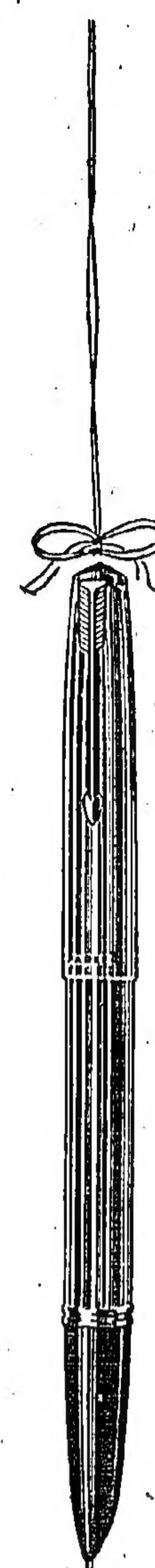
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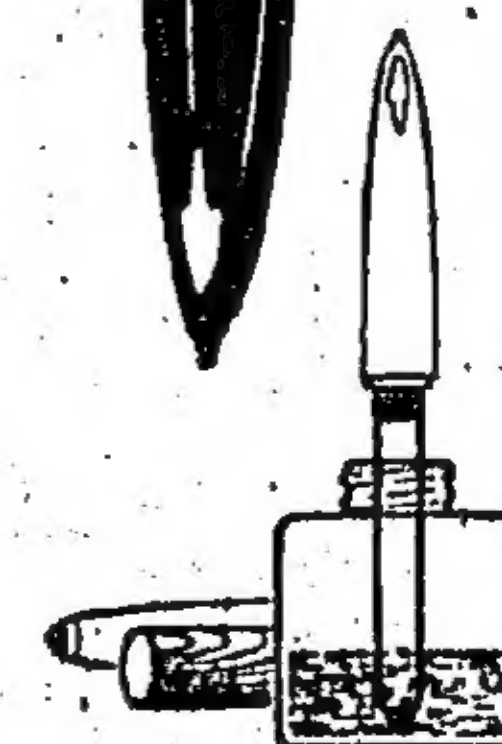
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THE IMPROBABLE KING

So shy, he sent a
with his proposal

BY A.J.P. TAYLOR

GEORGE V became King. Somewhat reluctantly, he transformed David into Edward Prince of Wales. David left the Navy, never to return, and enjoyed two gay, carefree years at Oxford.

Bertie was left alone in his naval service. He dutifully qualified as a midshipman, though usually near the bottom of the lists in examinations. Afloat he withdrew happily into obscurity as "Mr Johnstone," a quiet figure popular alike with officers and men. But the harsh training had its revenge. It opened the way to Bertie's worst enemy: ill-health.

He was down time and again with influenza, gastric troubles, pneumonia.

AT JUTLAND

WHEN war came he was commissioned to the great battle-cruiser Collingwood. But again he missed much active service.

On one occasion he had to be carried ashore and operated on for acute inflammation of the appendix. May 1916, however, found him fit and at sea. The two great fleets, British and

German, ran into each other.

IT WAS THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND. PRINCE ALBERT WAS THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY TO EXPERIENCE SERIOUS FIGHTING SINCE THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

He was in charge of a gun in the forward turret and sat unconcernedly in the top, despite bursting shells, until a superior officer shouted: "What the hell's the matter with you?" "Mr Johnstone" hastily took cover.

He described the battle in a letter to his father, ending up: "It was certainly a great experience to have been through, and it shows that we are at war." Hardly a remarkable discovery to make in May 1916.

"Mr Johnstone's" naval career soon drew to a close. In November 1917 he had an operation for duodenal ulcers and was invalided out. He was still intent to serve and managed to find employment in the R.A.F. Here he won one of his few combats with his father. He wished to qualify as a pilot, and, despite parental disapproval, finally got his way. Soon after the war ended Prince Albert gained his wings.

The Great War convinced even George V that his sons must have some education beyond the range of a naval officer. Albert was given a year at Cambridge along with

his younger brother, Prince Henry, later Duke of Gloucester. But where David at Oxford had lived in college and belonged to university life, the two younger Princes were lodged in a suburban house and merely appeared for lectures.

Bertie welcomed this seclusion. Unlike David, we never hear that he made any university friends. Perhaps a few ideas on civics and economics remained with him. But considering the level of these studies at Cambridge then, this is not likely.

FINAL STEP

IN 1920 came what seemed the final step. George V created Bertie Duke of York.

This was the title traditionally reserved for the second son, a rule broken only by Queen Victoria from dislike of an earlier Duke. Before the new Duke of York there seemed to open exactly the life he wanted, a life of modest service, always in the second place.

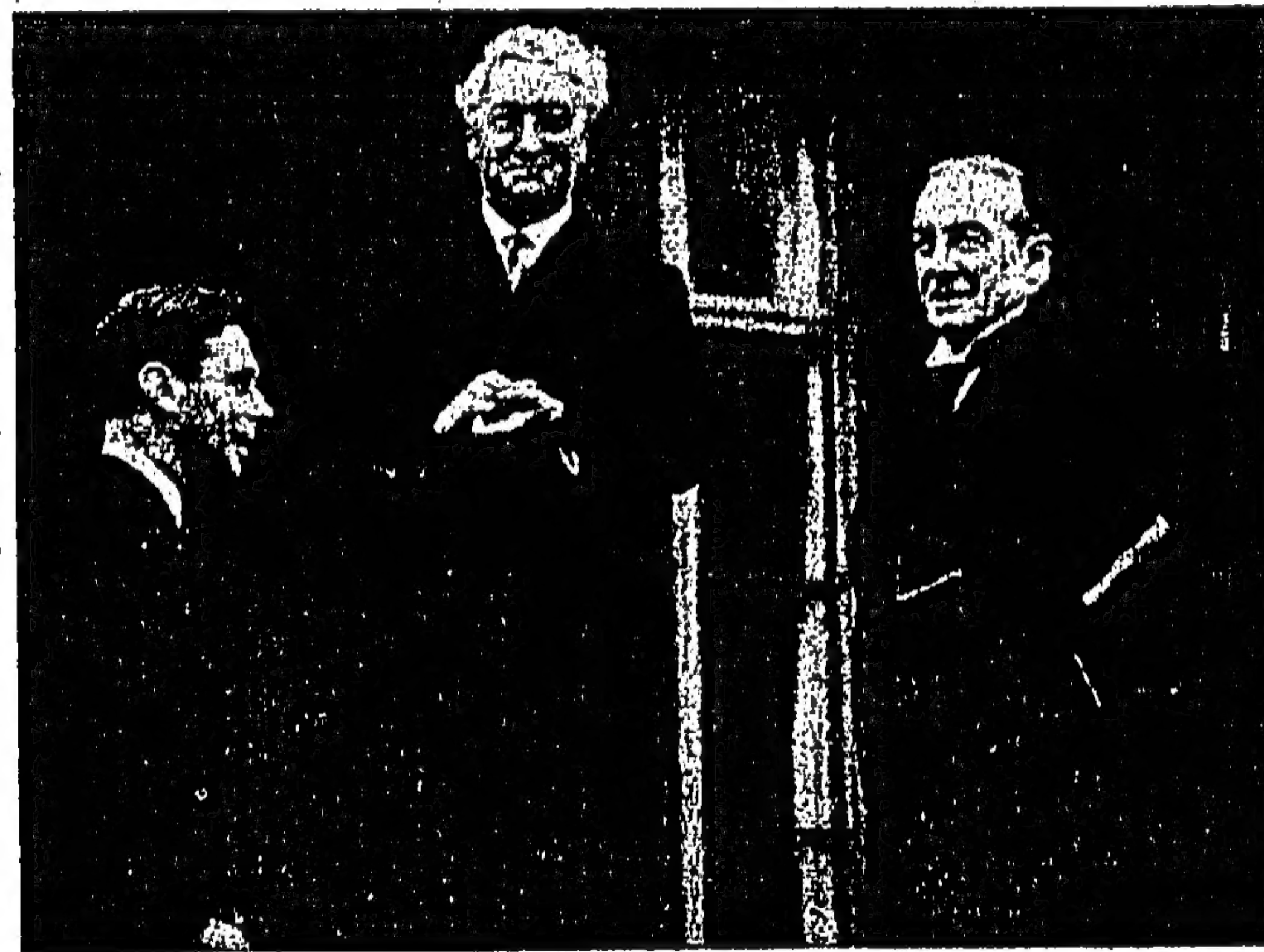
His elder brother, the Prince of Wales, was eager enough to take the limelight and, physically much tougher, was likely to live longer. Bertie would remain Duke of York to the end of the chapter.

It was his task, he felt, to be the quiet, domestic member of the family. For this he needed a wife. And he was fortunate in his choice.

COURTSHIP

LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON had been on the list of possible brides approved by George V and Queen Mary for the Prince of Wales. It was the Duke of York who fell in love with her. He is said to have met her first when she was five and he 11. This is perhaps legend. At any rate, now clad in plush and a tweed cap, he was assiduous in attention at her country home.

Courtship had its difficulties. Hopelessly tongue-tied at the critical moment he sent a friend to propose for him.



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LADY ELIZABETH REPLIED: "NO. NOT UNTIL HE COMES AND ASKS HIMSELF." The Duke set himself to it. Once more speech failed. Pulling a scrap of paper from his pocket he proposed in writing. Lady Elizabeth accepted him from duty, but soon returned his love. Queen Mary was particularly approving: "She is not one of these modern girls, thank goodness."

The marriage, which took place in Westminster Abbey on April 26, 1923, was by no means King George's and the Duke's. Lady Elizabeth came from a distinguished Scottish family. All the same it was a break with tradition for a British Prince to marry outside the ranks of royalty—usually German.

[The last one to do it was also a Duke of York; the brother of Charles II who himself became King as James II. This marriage too produced two daughters: Mary II and Queen Anne (who is dead). Otherwise the less said about James II the better. Before that we should have to go back to the later wives of Henry VIII, also not a happy parallel.]

HAPPINESS

The new Duchess brought to her husband more than private happiness. She brought him encouragement and strength to face his physical handicaps.

The Duke set out to fight the handicap in his speech. He found an Australian expert, Lionel Logue, and after years of effort overcame his defect. No one who heard George VI broadcast would have supposed that as Duke he had found public utterance almost beyond him. But the attentive listener might have heard a whisper from Logue just before the King broadcast for the first time: "Now take it quietly, Sir."

THIS, LIKE MUCH ELSE IN GEORGE VI'S LIFE, WAS A TRIUMPH OF CHARACTER OVER DIFFICULTIES THAT WOULD HAVE DEFEATED A LESSER MAN.

There were still traces of the old trouble. Both as Duke and King he preferred the carefully prepared programme to the unexpected. It taken by surprise he would sometimes fly out savagely. And he never found a Logue to cure his ill-temper for him.

In the years of marriage the Duke of York was more and more attracted by the happiness of private life. He desired neither sensations nor public applause, and once said complacently: "My chief claim to fame seems to be that I am the father of Princess Elizabeth."

Despite his admiration for George V, he did not follow his father's example in the treatment of his own children. The two Princesses were dangerously near being spoiled. Certainly they escaped the hardships which had marred the youth of the earlier generation.

The Duke seemed indeed a very ordinary Prince. Yet in



Three royal brothers say their farewells

The Duke and Duchess of York are about to leave for their Australian tour of 1927. The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry (now Duke of Gloucester) go aboard the Renown. And the Prince of Wales gives the Duchess a parting kiss.

one way he broke new ground and showed himself as much a man of the twentieth century as his elder brother, the Prince of Wales.

The Duke of York was the first member of the Royal Family to interest himself deeply in the affairs of industry. The first, at any rate, since his prototype, the Prince Consort.

George V had visited factories to raise morale during the First World War, but he had little grasp of either the mechanical or the social problems involved. The Duke of York was adroit with his hands. He could work a lathe, understood the principles of engineering, and recognised, too, the human side of the question.

THE FOREMAN

HE became a different man when he was having a machine explained to him. His face would light up. He was absorbed; his shyness all forgotten.

THE NEWSPAPERS CALLED HIM "THE INDUSTRIAL PRINCE." HIS BROTHERS HAD A MORE INTIMATE DESCRIPTION: "THE FOREMAN."

Even George V shared the joke. He said at the time of the General Strike: "This doesn't concern me. It is the Duke of York's department."

In quieter times this department showed itself in the Duke of York's Camps, where 200 factory lads and 200 public school boys shared an open-air life for a week each year.

The Duke himself attended camp for a day, carefully attired in informal dress. His visit always ended with the singing of Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree round the campfire, a happy occasion for all concerned.

Thus the years passed in quiet content. Family life absorbed the Duke's attention. He could safely leave politics and glamour to his elder brother.

Nor did the death of George V much alter the even tenor of the Duke's ways. The elder brother was now Edward VIII, with a rich store of popularity to draw on and the zest to do it.

Throughout 1936 the Duke of York had little inkling of what was to come. He read the daily newspapers as millions of other Englishmen did that year without taking alarm. He never saw the American news magazine Time, and was probably unaware of its existence. Of course, he knew that Edward VIII was introducing modern habits into the Monarchy here and there; allowing the Beaufort to dispense with their beards and threatening to instal central heating at Balmoral.

One autumn day Edward called on the Duke with a party of his smart friends. The Duke

may have been reminded of childhood days with his grandfather, Edward VII. It was certainly not his world. But what was wrong with modern ways, clever talk, and smart women for those who liked it? One of the smart women who accompanied Edward VIII was Mrs Simpson. This was the only time that the future Duchess of Windsor met her "in-laws." She drank a cup of tea, chatted gaily, and departed in the royal car.

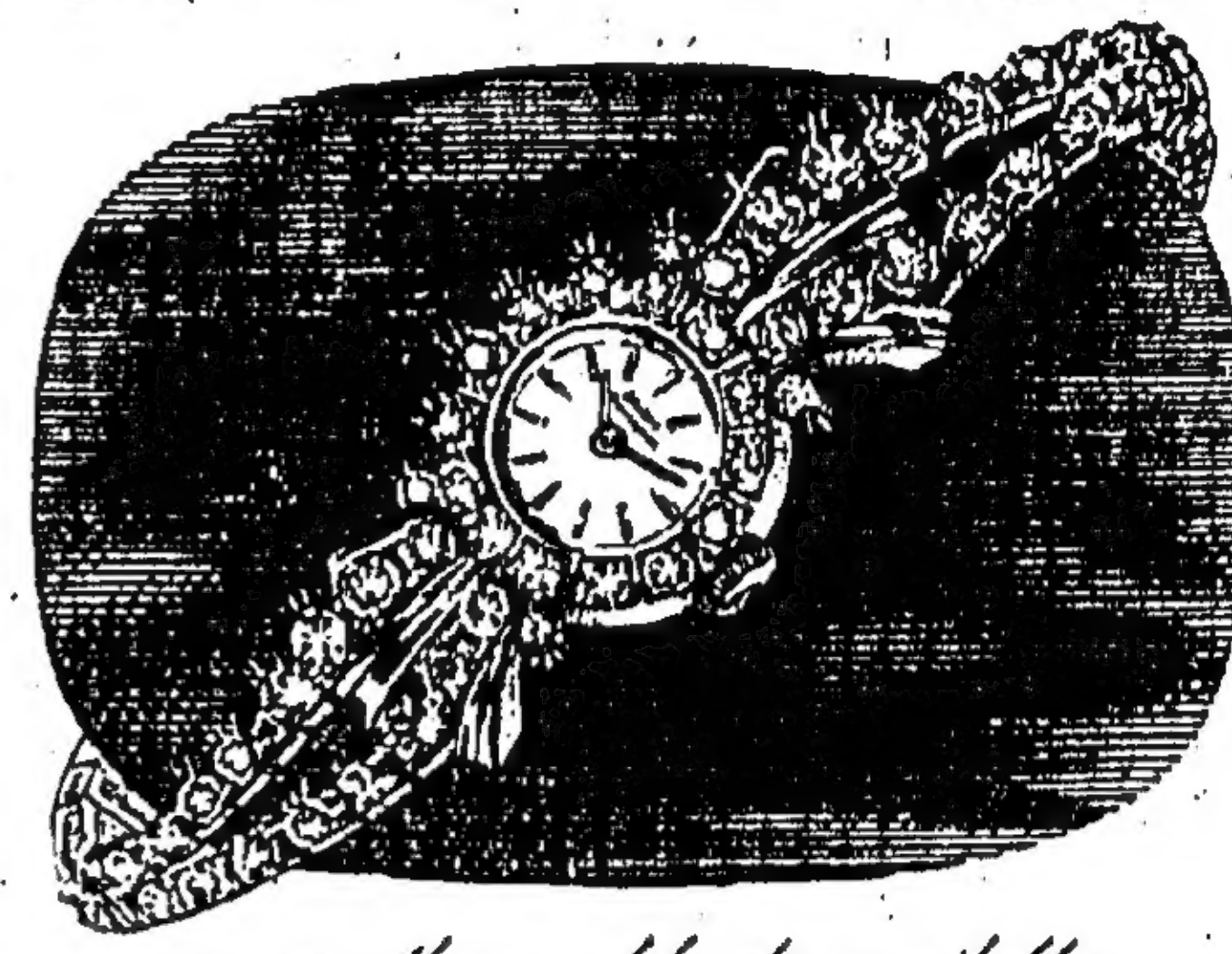
Suddenly the news was out. The crisis exploded. The Duke of York still felt remote and unconcerned. It did not cross his mind that anything could interfere with the course of his brother's duty or that this course might be itself unclear. He regretted his brother's troubles, sympathised with them, but remained aloof.

Now, a bolt from the blue indeed, there came the telephone call. The Duke learned that within 48 hours he would be King.

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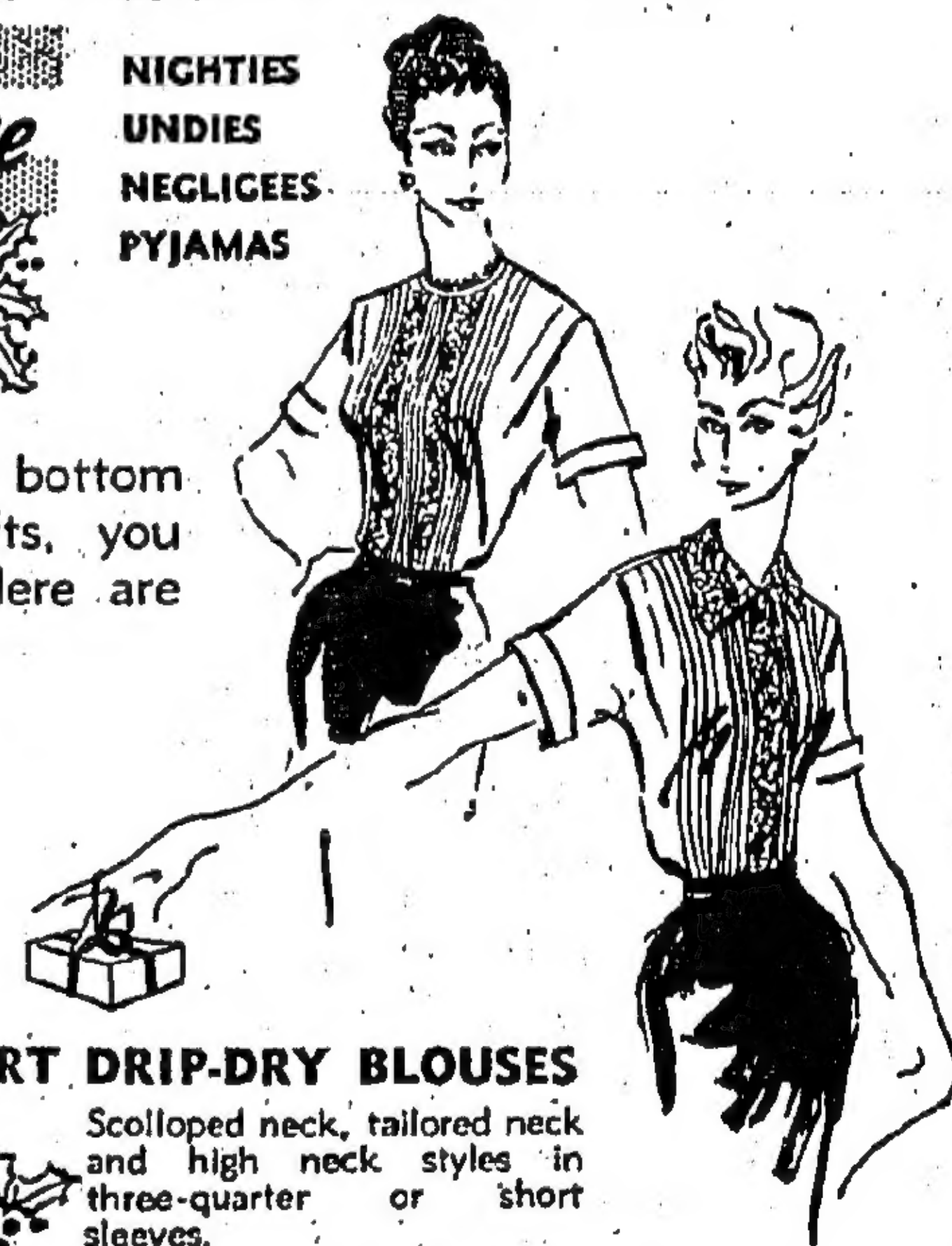
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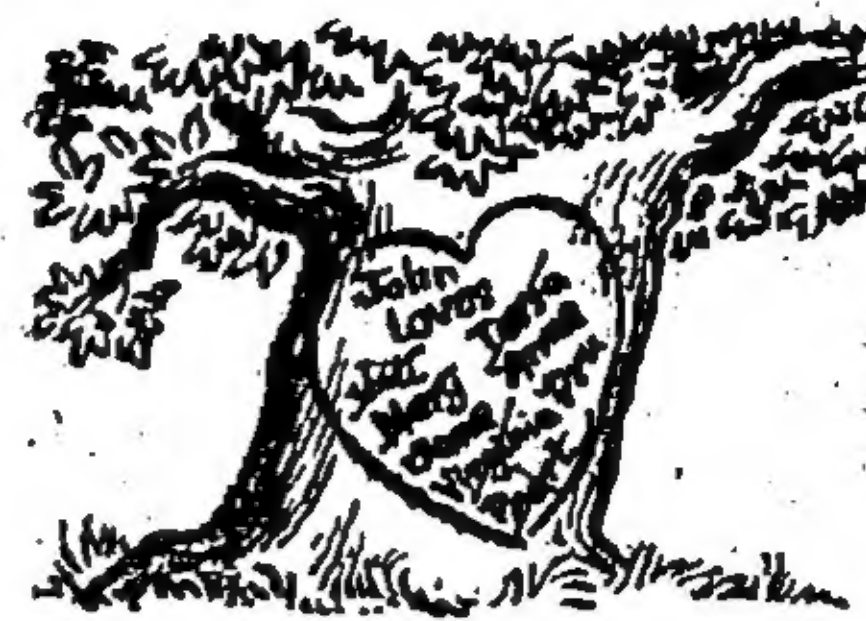
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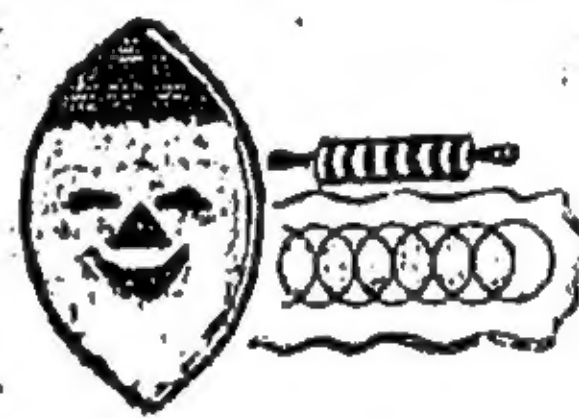


"How about you and me and a little divorce?"



"East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

Three for their stocking



TOFFEE APPLES

• Six small apples (dessert); 1lb. gran. sugar; 1 1/4 gills water; pinch cream of tartar; 1 dessertspoon vinegar; 1oz butter.

Dissolve sugar in water, vinegar and butter, and boil until it forms brittle threads when tested in cold water.

Remove pan from heat and stand in hot water to prevent toffee solidifying. Dip the apples one at a time, lifting out and redipping to coat thickly.

Wrap each in a circle of cellophane or polythene, gather up and tie with red ribbon round the stick.

PINK SUGAR MICE

• 1lb. icing sugar 2 small egg whites, vanilla essence, pink vegetable colouring, 2oz. plain chocolate.

Beat egg whites lightly, stir in most of the sieved icing sugar and colouring. Flavour with vanilla essence and add more icing sugar to make a very stiff paste. Form oval balls slightly larger than walnuts, and an equal quantity of balls one third of the size for heads.

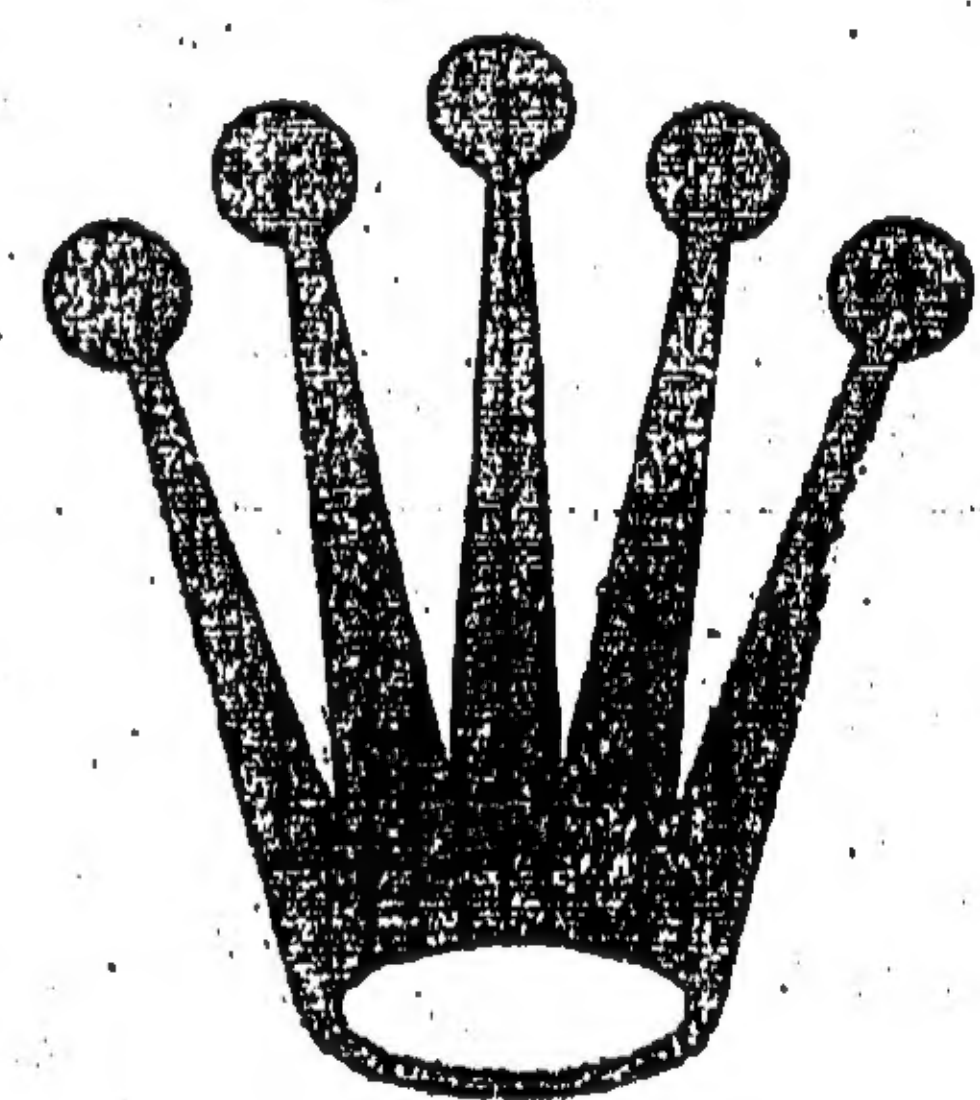
Press a head on to one end of each body and fix the tip of a

FATHER CHRISTMAS FACES

• Half - pound home - baked biscuits; 8oz. icing sugar, 2oz. desiccated coconut, few glacé cherries, strips angelica, red vegetable colouring.

Dike a batch of flat thin, shortbread or ginger biscuits in oval shapes by stamping out with a large, round cutter moving the edge only as far over as the centre of the circle before stamping again.

Make a thick white glaze icing with the icing sugar and warm water. Ice all the biscuits white on one side. While still unset press a glacé cherry for mouth and nose, two strips of angelica for eyes, desiccated coconut for a beard and fur cap.



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KING WENCESLAUS WAS NOT SO "GOOD"

By LESLIE ARMOUR

AND so it goes: A kindly old monarch, concerned about the poor peasants scratching in the snow for his winter fuel.

The warmth of his heart, we are told, was so great, that his very footprints were enough to warm his page who trudged after him with the meat and wine to cheer the poor peasant.

History does not tell quite the same story.

This same Wenceslaus, it appears, was once informed of a massacre of 3,000 Jews in his territory. He took immediate action. He confiscated the property they left behind.

And this Wenceslaus allowed John Huss to be burned at the stake despite promises of protection.

Fortunately, the story, is not entirely one-sided.

In his early years, Wenceslaus appeared to be the darling of fortune.

He inherited the throne of the rich kingdom of Bohemia (now the central part of Czechoslovakia) in 1373.

Not long afterward, he was crowned King of Brandenburg and, three years later, so great was his power, he was made Emperor of All the Romans, a title which meant, in fact, king of all the Germans.

From another relative, he picked up the Duchy of Luxembourg and, finally, the Kingdom of Hungary.

He was, if not the most powerful man in Europe at the end of the fourteenth century, at least very close to being so.

His only rival of any consequence was Charles VI of France.

At the end of the century, when he was nearing 40, Wenceslaus went to Paris on a very delicate mission.

There were, at that time, two rival Popes, Benedict XIV and Boniface IX. There seemed no solution to the impasse created by their rival claims and both Church and State were imperilled by the divided loyalties they produced.

As always, in such matters, there were men who had financial interests in promoting the claims of one or the other and, in the face of the pressure of money, it was very difficult to persuade anyone to change sides.

The financial pressures had led to corruption among some members of the clergy and that only made the problem worse.

Wenceslaus developed a two-pronged attack on the problem. Abroad, he proposed to Charles VI of France that both Popes be prevailed upon—if necessary forced—to resign and an entirely new Pope chosen in their stead.

At home he supported the young John Huss who was campaigning against bribery of clergymen and against forged miracles.

Huss, seeking to end some of the theological disputes which were complicating the problem, also proposed a con-

siderable simplification of Church ritual.

The citizens of Prague, aided by Wenceslaus, were, indeed, so impressed by the young man that they built the famous Bethlehem Chapel for him to preach in.

And, at Charles University, Huss was installed as Dean of Philosophy.

For obvious reasons, both these attacks ran counter to the interests of both camps.

Those who had made a good thing out of one Pope or another clearly did not want to see both go.

Furthermore, Wenceslaus had incurred the wrath of his nobles over his attempts to increase the centralized control of his empire.

In 1400, he was deposed and his half-brother Sigismund installed.

Huss, meanwhile, continued in business but in the face of mounting objections from his ecclesiastical superiors who, by this time, were far more alarmed by his assaults on ritual than by his complaints against corruption.

Sigismund, who had taken over all Wenceslaus' interests gave him passive support.

Then, in 1404, Sigismund decided to make his headquarters in Hungary and a somewhat chastened Wenceslaus was restored to the throne of Bohemia though not to his other titles.

His support of Huss was again active.

By 1411, Huss had been virtually outlawed by his Church and in 1413 he was summoned to the Council of Constance to explain himself.

The implication was that he was to be tried for heresy.

That meant that he would probably be executed for heresy.

Huss felt strongly that he should make his case known. On the other hand he had, of course, no desire to be burned at the stake and he knew full well that he was safe so long as he remained in Bohemia.

He therefore applied for a guarantee of safe conduct from Sigismund and Wenceslaus.

It was granted in the name of Sigismund who, apparently, was moved primarily by Wenceslaus' friendship for him.

Historians believe that Sigismund never had an intention of coming to Huss'

A slight confusion of Saints and Fables



"Good King Wenceslaus looked out,
"On the Feast of Stephen,
"When the snow lay round about
"Deep and crisp and even....."

rescue should he be sentenced by the Church and that Wenceslaus knew this but did not warn Huss for fear of being deposed again.

Huss, however, accepted in good faith the guarantee of good faith and believed that the Church would not dare to flout Sigismund.

In 1415, he was convicted and sentenced to be burned.

Neither king made any move to save him and he was duly executed.

In Prague, where the public was strongly in favour of Huss, Wenceslaus was disgraced for his part in the proceedings and, though he remained king in name, he was largely stripped of his authority.

He died, a broken man, with another rebellion on his hands, in 1419.

How, then, did Wenceslaus get the reputation described in the Christmas Carol?

The answer is that he has profited enormously by the amalgamation of his character with that of another Wenceslaus who lived nearly 500 years earlier.

This earlier Wenceslaus was never a king. But he was a Duke of Bohemia and he was later canonised and appears as St. Wenceslaus in the Roman Catholic calendar and stands as the patron saint of Bohemia.

He ruled, precariously, for three or four years—and then he was murdered by his pagan brother Boleslaw.

The Christian community took it for granted that he was murdered on account of his religion but even Roman Catholic historians are now agreed that that played only a small part in the struggle which was really a dispute over power between two groups of nobles.

Wenceslaus was entered, however, in the roll of martyrs and, much later, canonised.

There the matter rested until the middle of the nineteenth century when an Englishman, J. M. Neale, wrote the now famous words to the Christmas Carol and attached them to a traditional tune, Tempest adest Floridum.



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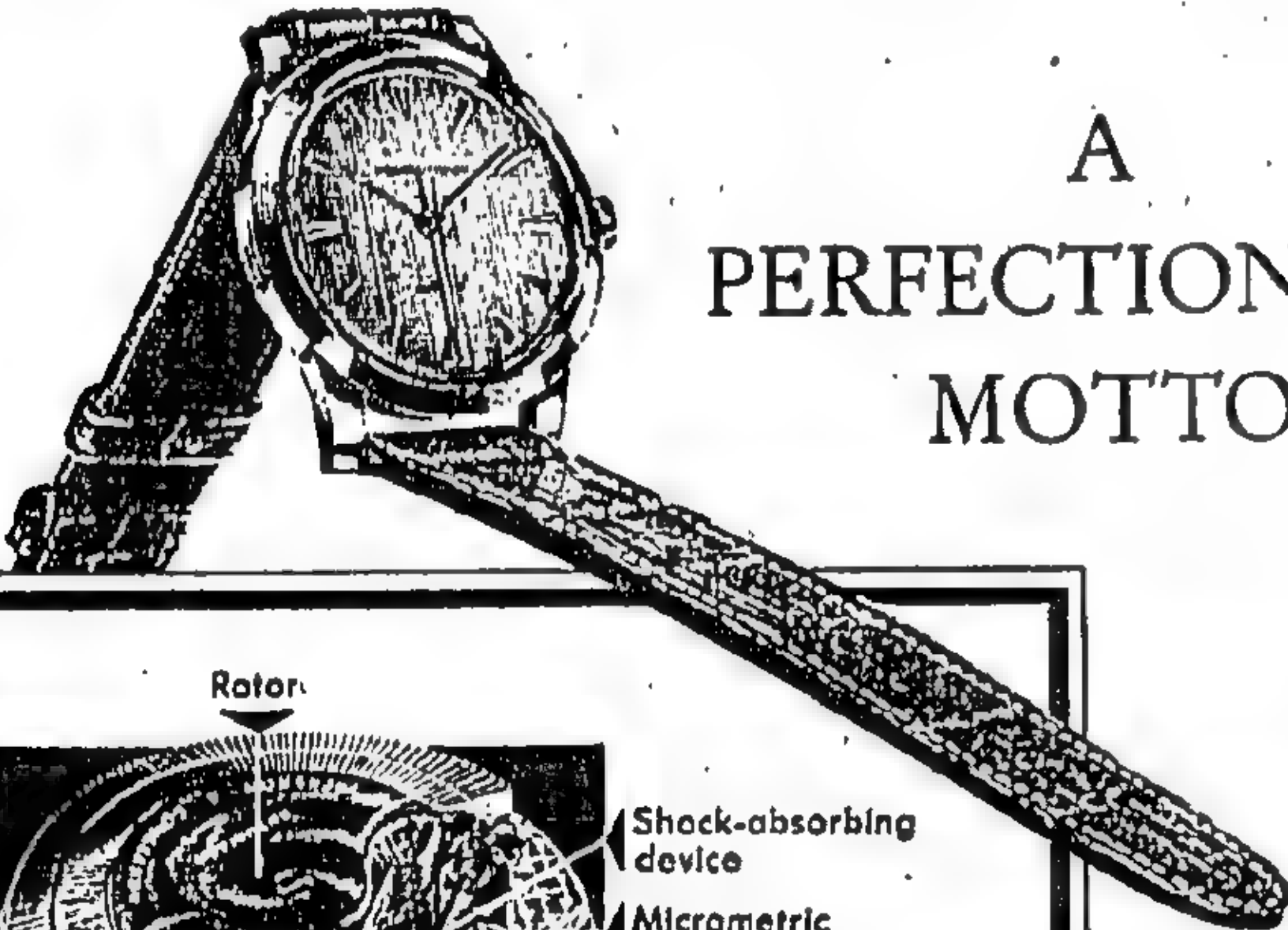
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MERRYMAKING

Krieghoff's masterpiece fetches record price



The artist:
a wandering
minstrel
as well

By GRAHAM DARK
KRIEGHOFF'S "Merry-making," painted in 1860 and acknowledged as his masterpiece, shows merry-makers on an outing to Joliffe's, a popular country inn at Beauport, near Quebec.

In and around the big gabled inn are 54 revelers. Behind it, pine trees in the distance, a village. It reflects the gay, happy-go-lucky nature of German-born Krieghoff—wandering minstrel as well as artist. He was always ready to pick out a tune on a guitar—or paint a typical Canadian scene. A sleigh, Indians, snow landscapes. Some of his work, it is said, have come from Western

THE masterpiece of Canadian painting, Cornelius Krieghoff's "Merry-making," has been bought by Lord Beaverbrook for 25,000 dollars (about £9,300)—a record price for a Canadian picture.

The purchase, announced yesterday, was made from Colonel J. T. Ross, of Quebec City. It had been in his family's

possession ever since it was painted 97 years ago.

"Merry-making," a 34-in. by 48-in. canvas, full of lively detail, will be a big attraction at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery now being built at Fredericton.

The gallery and its contents will be a gift from Lord Beaverbrook to the people of New Brunswick.

saloons bearing the mark of 25-shooting pioneers. About 20 Krieghoffs have been sold in London salerooms in the last six years. The price has been steadily climbing, though nothing of the "Merry-

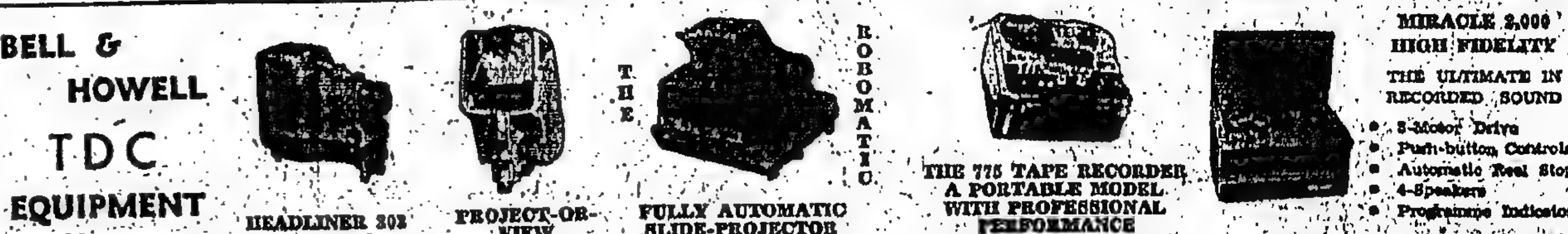
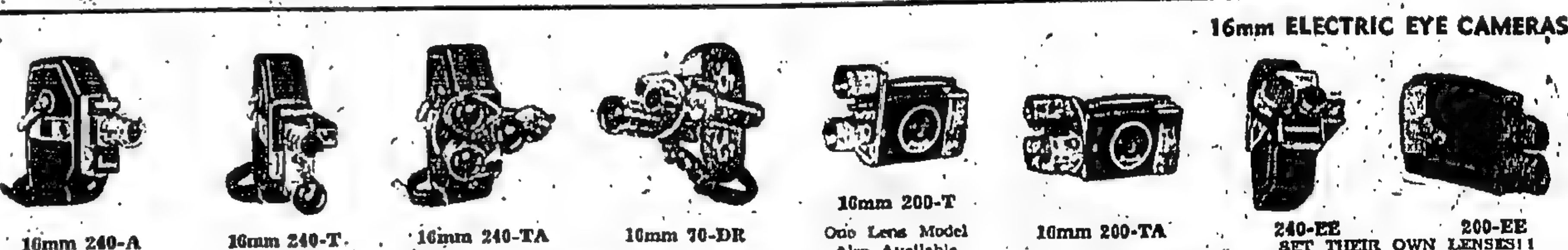
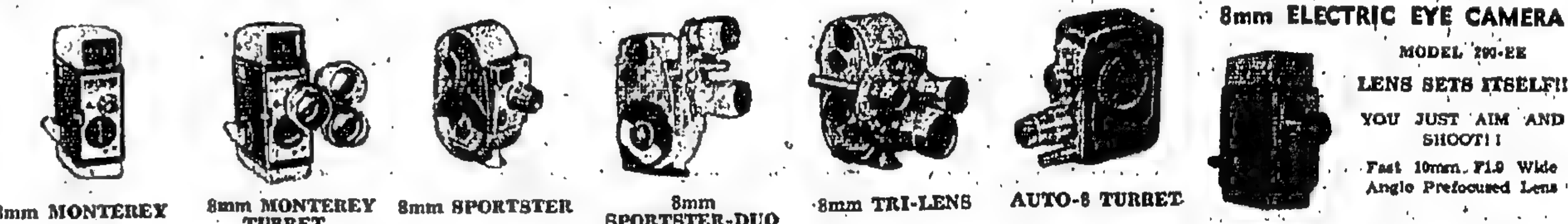
making" quality or size has changed hands. A much smaller picture set up a world record of £2,100 at Sotheby's last month. Two more were sold at Christie's

last Friday for £1,350 each. Many Krieghoff paintings were brought back to this country last century by British Army officers who bought them direct from the artist.



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CHRISTMAS AT THE INN

IN our part of the world they say the ghost of James Hart rides at Christmas. We never used to believe it, a lot of rot, we thought, but visitors thought the world of it. The story made my little inn fill up with folks, and they'd chat over the drinks, and talk of highwaymen, and of James Hart who swung from the gibbet there used to be on the top of Gallowa Hill. You don't see it today when you look across to the hill from my porch. That all happened at the time when the Cavaliers were naughty but had daring, and the Roundheads were trying to make England a good and proper place and not having much success.

James Hart had been a cavalier. He loved the women, so the story goes. He defended the damsel in distress, even if he stole from her mother. They did say that one Christmas night he gave a girl back a diamond necklace worth a king's ransom and all for a kiss from her ruby-red lips. Oh well, you never know, do you? They did things in those days. Anyway at Christmas the stories get around.

Ours is a strange village. We foster the story of James Hart, and we used to have our tongues in our cheek about it, but we never said nothing. You'll know why.

Dick Brown fostered the story too.

Dick Brown was never much good. Every village has one of that kind. He possessed, Ha! He lived by his wits, and pretty nimble ones they were. He liked women and he liked wine. Many's the time I've turned him out of my inn because he couldn't even stand up. He was a bully and a coward, and local folks hated him, but somehow or other he always had a way with the visitors.

It began some years ago at a time when Dick's wits were getting a bit thin, and he went to the vicar's summer rummage sale. There he bought himself a whole lot of rubbish, fancy-dress sent from the Hall, just to be got rid of I reckon and no good to man nor beast. Some said there was a highwayman's rig in it, but nobody knew of course.

Ghost Rider

Anyway from then on the story started going the rounds that James Hart had been seen again. Riding his horse across the dark moors which stretch over these parts, with a black handkerchief tied across his face, and a pistol in his hand. It happened at Christmas time.

Well, the story increased and I didn't believe it but anyway it brought visitors to my inn. It

Hart whoever he was—and we had a damned good idea who he was—was making a nice bit out of all this. But, as we said, what was the good of money and jewels to a ghost?

Some ghost was doing well.

Oh, I have lots of tales to tell but it was the last one that counted. The Christmas Eve when the girl came to the inn. An actress she was, doing it for a sensation, I thought, a girl with golden hair and blue eyes, and a pearl necklace at her

neck. He rode a piebald horse, she told me, not a good one, and he had a gun.

She didn't laugh when he swung off the horse, and she could feel the cold circle of that gun against her breast. Steel is very cold, she told me, and that gave her a downright nasty feeling. He whipped off her pearls, and he gripped her wrist with fingers that hurt. He took the diamond earrings from her ears, not caring if she bled. She was the sort of girl that had never tasted the rough stuff before, and she gave a little cry.

That was when the unexpected happened. A second highwayman drew level behind the first. He held out a gun.

"Your money or your life," he said.

A Kiss

She told me she had never seen a man act so strangely as the highwayman who had her jewels. He made a gurgling sound like a death rattle, he flung the pearls and the earrings back into her lap, and scrambled back on to his piebald horse. He was off and across the moor riding like the devil. If he had had all hell behind him he couldn't have gone faster, she said.

The second man turned to her. He laughed. "And now you'd better return to the inn," he said. His voice was gracious. He came to the carside, and he looked closely at her.

"I owe you a debt," she stammered. "It can be paid with a kiss," he told her.

"I'll pay," she laughed. It was the kiss she would never forget. The gentleness with which he drew her into his arms, and the way he laid his mouth against her own. It was only as she drove back to the inn, with a highwayman riding just behind her, that she remembered that very mouth had been stone cold.

She came into the bar. "I've had an adventure," she told us. "I never do things by halves. Two highwaymen," and she told us the story. When she had done, you could have heard a pin drop in the bar. Men looked at her with tallow faces. After a bit I spoke.

"That second one was James Hart himself," I told her. "That was the ghost."

She turned sheet white. Someone got her a brandy, and when she could speak again, she said "His mouth was cold." Just like that.

You can guess how we felt. Old Ben went to the door and opened it. There was the sound of the Christmas bells, and on the top of Gallowa Hill it looked for a moment as if a gibbet stood again. I tell you, that was the strangest Christmas we'd ever had.

These days Dick doesn't do highwaymaning. I reckon he's learnt his lesson.



by Ursula Bloom

did me proud. Then funny stories began.

There was the night when the little car was held up. That was no fairy story, mark you, it really happened, and two young men got the fright of their lives. Your-money-or-your-life stuff. They had money too, going off to spend it on the Christmas of their lives, and the lot was taken, and a dagger ripped the back tyre so that when they recovered they could not chase the highwayman on the piebald horse.

There was a row about it of course, and old Ben the police sergeant winked the other eye. He wasn't good at ghost-enchaining, he said. It got the village into the papers, well, you know what they are! A nice bit they had, with a picture of James Hart riding across our very moor, and a grand story to go with him. That did us a bit of good!

On the whole we were pleased about it. People came ghost-searching. Some lost their belongings, others didn't. James

throat and diamonds in her ears. Pretty as a picture, she was.

"I've got a little car outside," she said, "and I'm going right out to meet your James Hart. I'm not scared of ghosts, I don't believe in such things, and I'll laugh. You'll see all about it in the papers later on."

We thought that was fair enough. After Christmas is the dead season and they'd be looking for stuff. She waved as she went out of the bar, and her blue eyes gave me a thrill.

Cold Steel

She told us later what happened, for she came back. He brought her back.

She drove out across the moor with the bells ringing for Christmas, and the dark trees looking much like gibbets, and as she drove, she saw the highwayman approaching and stopped for him. She bowed, and she laugh-

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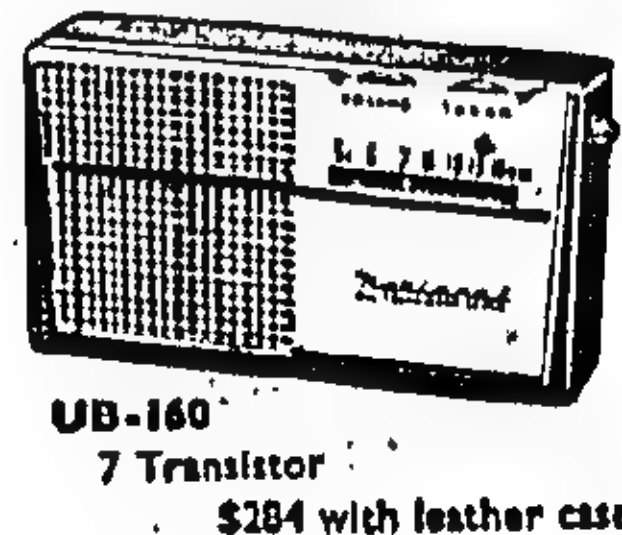


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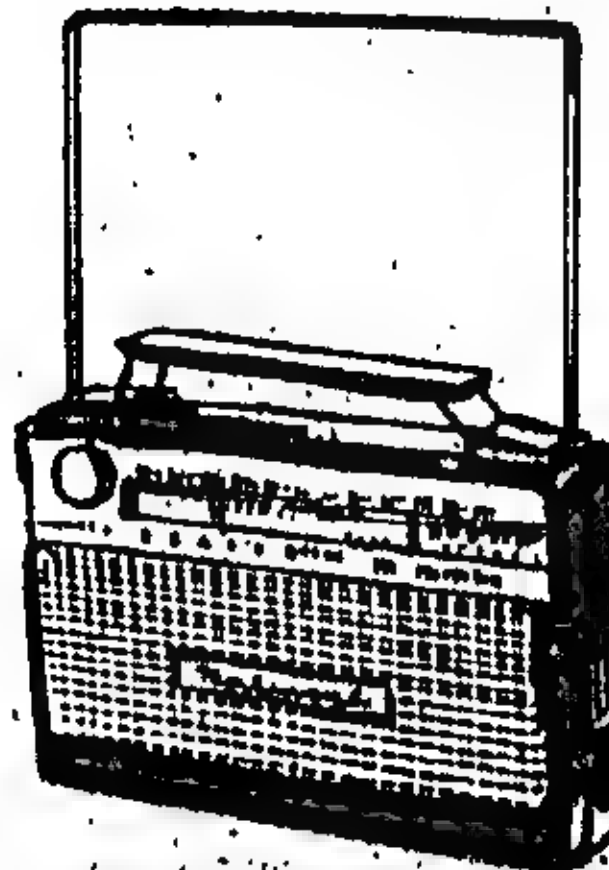


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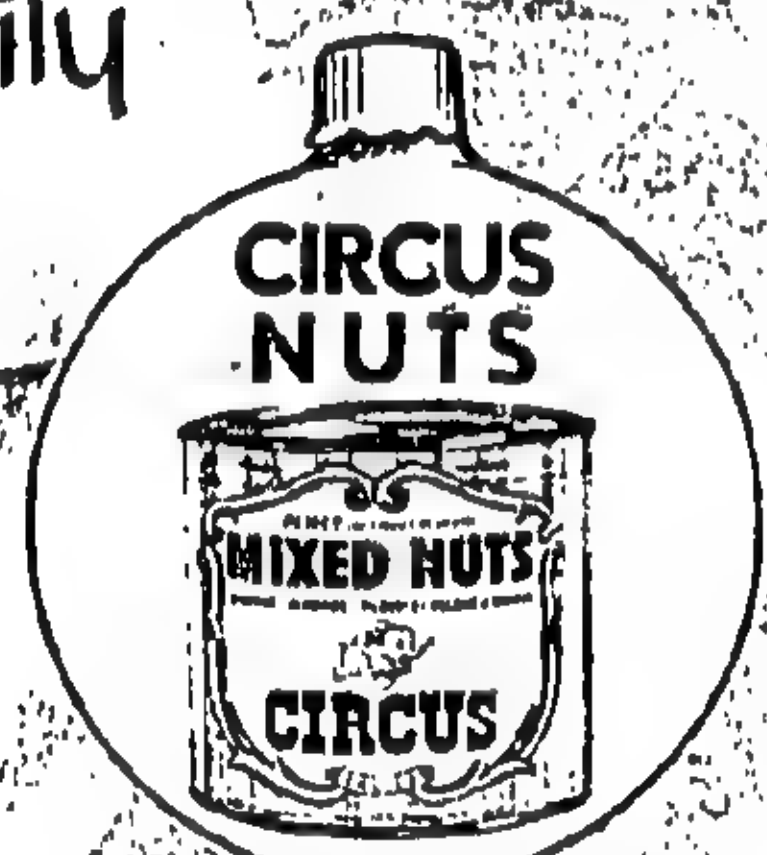
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Only Children Can Understand

IT is almost Christmas Eve and the tired shop assistants are so dazed that they can hardly distinguish between a doll and a dust bin. The newspapers as usual had urged the people to shop early but there is always the army of forgetful uncles and maiden aunts who have remembered just in time that they had forgotten all about Sister Susie and cousin John.

The harassed husband sits in his arm chair wondering whether he really did send a Christmas card to his managing director. If to make sure he sends a second card he may look foolish, but if there is no card at all it is even worse. The fact is that the only people who really understand Christmas are the children. Many years have passed since I was a child but even now I can recall how in Toronto, with the snow deep on the ground, my brother and three sisters would join me in a mad rush to the Christmas tree in the drawing room. And when we saw the wonder of it we just stood and screamed with excitement.

In no time my sisters were stripping or dressing their dolls while my brother and I were taking the mechanical toys apart to make what made them go. And at noon what further excitement there was when a great turkey was carried in for dinner—not a mere luncheon—and we ate until our very eyes protruded.

But what was that in Canada where there was always snow at Christmas, or nearly always. And in the afternoon a man would arrive with a horse and sleigh complete with jingle bells.



by Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

Christ. Yet the passing of the centuries does not lessen the awe and wonder of the Bible story.

Christ was born in a manger because there was no room at the inn. It is always so. The world of Caesar is never eager or ready to acknowledge the world of the spirit. But the angels sang their welcome to the new born Babe and the star of Bethlehem shone bright.

The realist shrugs his shoulders at the tale. What is this story of a Babe who was the Son of God? Was the Babe not born of woman? Why this old wives tale?

Thus the realist and the materialist thrust aside the Divinity of Christ. They will admit of his genius, they will agree that the Sermon on the Mount is the greatest political document of all times. But the story of Divine Birth like the story of the Resurrection is just a legend magnified by the centuries.

How strange that the mature mind is so sure of itself, so certain that the realm of the spirit exists only in the imagination of the ignorant and the credulous. Yet when you put the man of worldly wisdom in the

To attain the heights of wisdom you must have the faith of little children, therefore you should see that little children are about you at Christmas Time—even if you must go to them—for there is the Kingdom of Heaven and innocence and wisdom.

There was a star that shone over Bethlehem while the shepherds watched their flocks and there came the voice of angels: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to men!" That is the message of Christmas Day. If there is good will among men there will be peace, and if there is peace we shall be as the children of God.

Look on the young and learn from them. They have no doubts, no hatreds and no fears. To be worthy of Christ's Kingdom we too must become like little children.

That is why we wish each other a "Happy Christmas" when we see our neighbours across the street, for Christ came to earth to give us the happiness of love, and friendship and parenthood just as He came to earth to teach us the sublimity of sacrifice.



To the extent that mankind has followed Christ's teachings it has found peace of mind and spirit. To the extent that mankind has set aside the teachings of Christ it has found suffering and hopelessness. But where it has followed Christ's teachings it has moved into the land of the spirit which is eternal.

The story of Bethlehem is a dramatic one, a story that has held the imagination of mankind for centuries, yet it is also an arraignment against the selfishness of man. The Virgin Mary was heavy with child but there was no one at the inn who would give her room. No doubt she pleaded but the doors were closed against her.

Thus was born in a manger the Son of God, while the song of the angels: "Hillb the skies.

What about Christmas of this year 1937? Is there room in our hearts for Christ? Let us think on these things before we condemn this people of the last long centuries ago as being so different from ourselves.



What is more the man would touch his hat to father as if we were the Royal Family. Why did we not know before that father must be as rich as Rockefeller? Look how he gives twenty-five cents to the man who brought the sleigh! Twenty-five cents just as if it were nothing!

I sometimes think that the art of life is to acquire knowledge without losing one's power of being surprised and excited. Give me a woman who, even when she is a grandmother, can remember her first long frock, her first roses sent by an admirer, and her first grown-up tears.

Yet beyond all this we have the spiritual meaning of the Feast. The word Christmas is so familiar to us, and so commercialised that we almost forget that it marks the birthday of



dock he is unable to explain the miracle of the creation.

In the beginning was God—thus says Holy Writ. In the beginning was protoplasm, says science and from it through the long story of time there emerged the fish and the beasts and finally man. If you grant them these points ask who it was that created the protoplasm, and they are dumb. In other words there is a point when the finite mind can no longer explain the mystery of life and its origin.

It is almost like a man claiming that music is created from the strings of a violin or the keys of a piano. There was music in the skies over Bethlehem when the angels sang. There was music in the wind and in the crying of the new born child in the manger.

The truth is that there comes a moment when logic, in its infinite assurance can go no further. In other words there

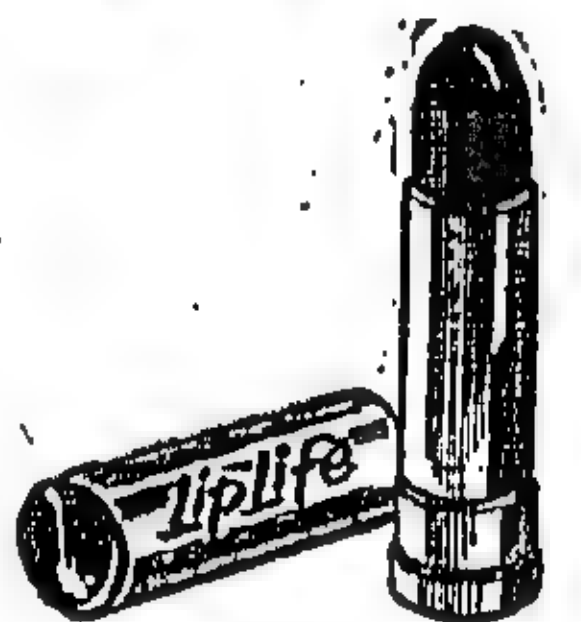
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Mills GOLD FLAKE



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and
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Merry Xmas
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PEACH CREAM

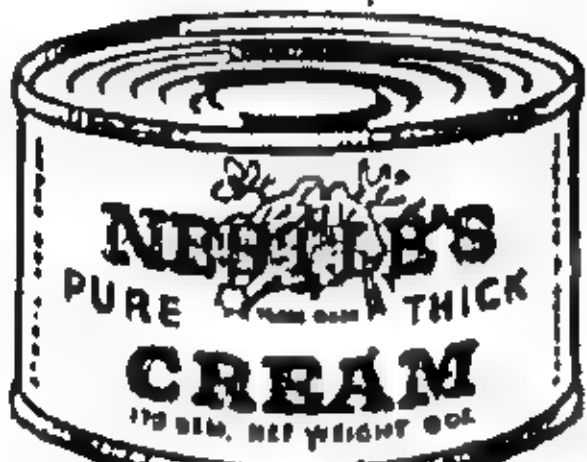
INGREDIENTS.—Half a medium sized tin of peaches, 2 x 6 oz. tins Nestlé's Pure Thick Cream, 5 oz. gelatine, 1 pint milk, 1 lb. sugar, 1 pint water.

METHOD.—Place water and the syrup from the tin in a saucepan. Add the sugar, stir till boiling. Add peaches, and continue to cook until the pieces of peach look quite clear. Pour into a basin and let the mixture get cold. Place the gelatine in a basin, pour over the milk, and soak for half an hour. Place basin over a pan of boiling water to melt the gelatine. Mix together the contents of both basins and pour the whole into a glass dish. Pour the cream into a basin and whisk lightly. When the froth rises skim and place on a hair sieve to drain away the milk. Continue this until the cream is used up. Pipe this high on the top of the mixture in the glass dish.

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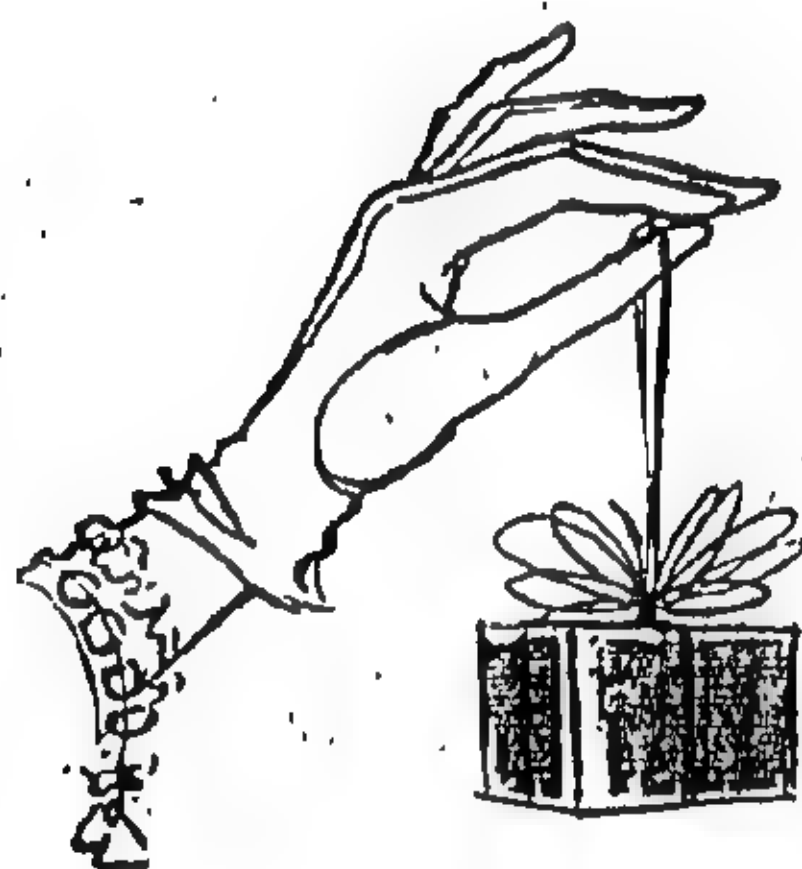
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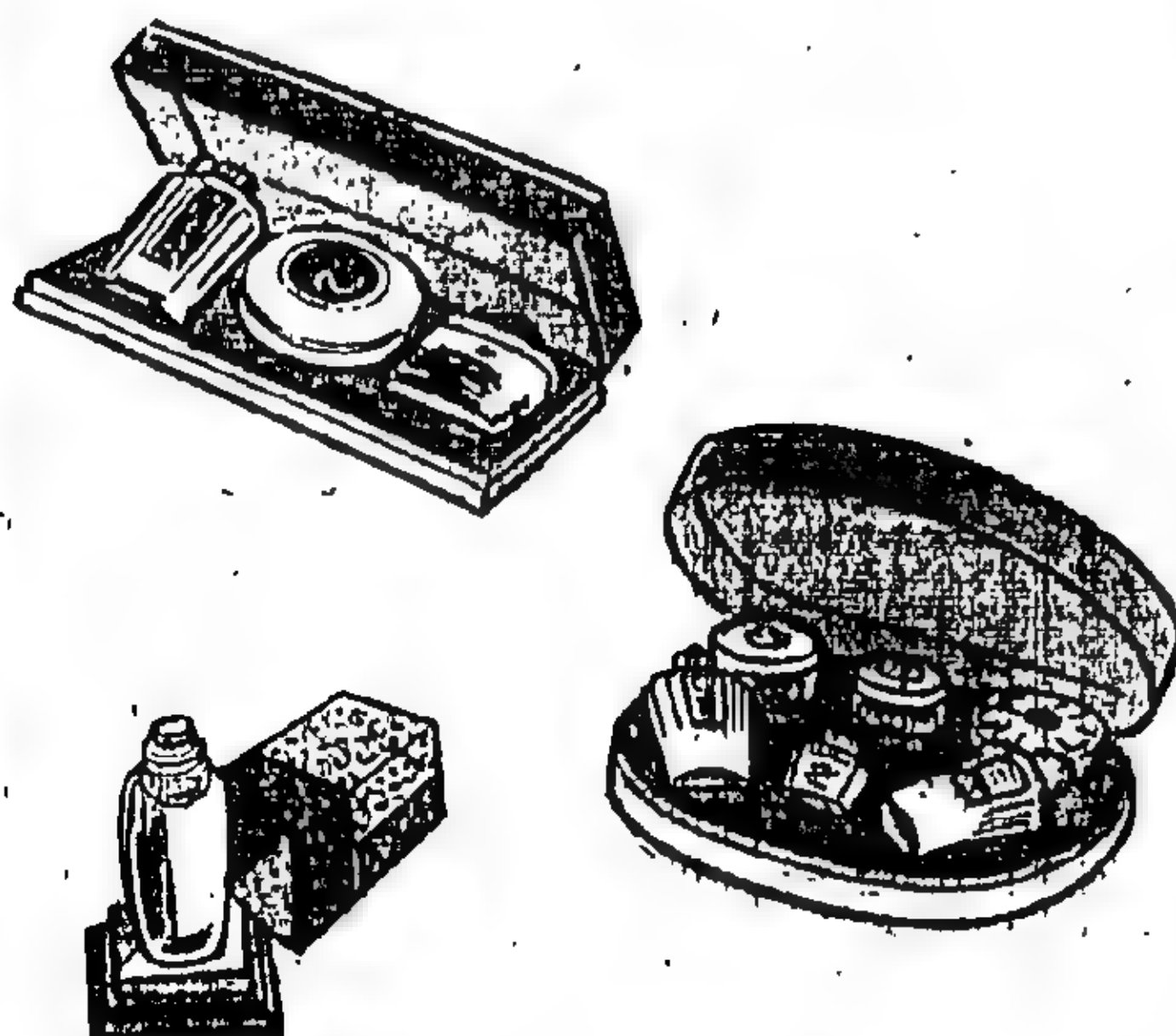
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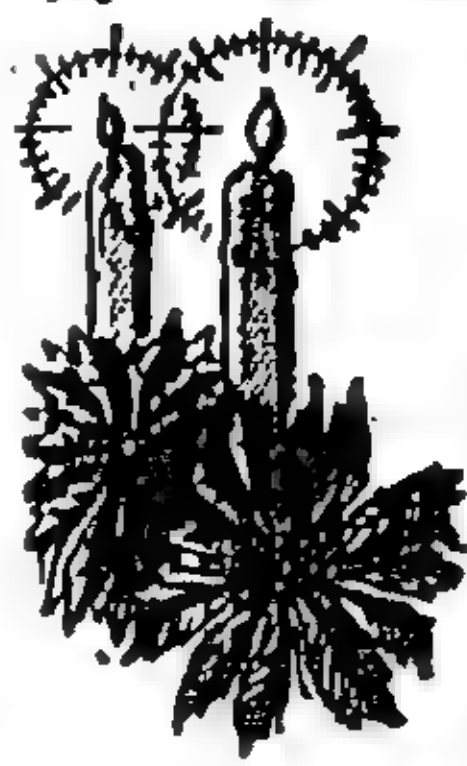
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YULETIDE WOMANSENSE



FESTIVAL FASHIONS: THE PARTY OUTFIT

By
Anne Lambton

THERE are only three invitations which make a girl sit up and wonder what on earth to wear. THE BIG, SMART PARTY, to which everybody has been invited; THE LITTLE DINNER, that opens up fresh possibilities; or THE DATE with a new beau.

It can happen that all three coincide. In a way this simplifies matters. If you are going on to a big party, at least you know what kind of dress you are expected to wear. It is a usually arranged evening that is always so tricky to gauge in advance.

FOR BIG PARTIES, the important thing is to find a dress that will stand out in the crowd. A bright colour is a good way to create an arresting effect. Or something utterly simple, like a slip of white satin accompanied by a lot of smart jewellery piled high up round the face.

Remember, in a crowded room, people only catch a glimpse of your dress, therefore anything with a flattering line (forget fashion), providing it has a pretty back and a very seductive neckline, is liable to be far more successful than an elaborate or fussy frock. So aim for a bold effect.

If you love to dance stick to a dress with a wide skirt, and wear it 3in. shorter than last year. Choose a material that looks well in artificial light, like lace, paper tulle, or satin.

ROMANTIC. BUT—

A BILLLOWING skirt that sweeps the ground is romantic. But you must be young. Or very sophisticated. Only a supremely confident person like the Duchess of Argyll looks elegant trailing yards of unnecessary net around.

Attempt to adapt the long, full line with less material invariably fail. Anyone who has been at a party with Mrs Gerald Legge will know what I mean.

Pastel satin, hooped over a crinoline, has an unmistakable air of Auntie Mabel's presentation dress—inherited along with her jewellery.

However, the long dress is making a big comeback. It will be worn by the slim, the elegant, and the women over 35. Either as a dead simple sheath or a very elaborately draped affair, with a floating back piece, a little like a fish's tail.

INTRIGUING

If you are young and determined to be new, why not try the dress within a dress? This consists of a fitted sheath, over which floats a loose chemise of organza or lace. Intriguing, to put it mildly.

Alternatively, you can have a double-dress which is caught just below the knee by a piece of elasticated ribbon.

So, not only are you encased in whalebone by the underdress but hobbled like a circus pony by the throw-over.

I know that Barbara Goalen can manage to dance under these conditions. But can you?

The only way to find out is to try. In a room full of people the main effort must be concentrated near your head. Your hair must either be freshly done that day or managed with skill so that the effect is slick. Use a liquid make-up from your hairline down on to your shoulders and neck. Eye make-up and plenty of lipstick. This is the background for your jewellery.

Real or otherwise, jewellery needs to be centred round the throat, at the ears, and on the wrist. When you reach for a cigarette or a drink, the glitter helps to make you look less greedy. Don't bother about rings, and only wear a brooch when it fits into the neckline. Anything pinned lower than the bust line is a pure waste of time.

If the party is so grand that a floor is permissible, it counts as a big advantage for the lucky few who happen to have one in the family. Lady Derby and the Duchess of Norfolk can wear any old dress and look terrific because they have a floor.

IT'S VULGAR

BUT never be tempted to try an imitation. Unlike necklaces and earrings, it is extremely bad taste. And to buy one, should you happen to marry a millionaire, is really very vulgar.

FOR THE INTIMATE EVENING. Dressing for a dinner party or dining a deus in a restaurant calls for a different approach. Glamour plus an air of simplicity.

Every detail counts—including the contents of your handbag. A grubby powder puff can brand you as a slut. A clean, lace-edged handkerchief can suggest that everything about you is top quality.



When in doubt, the wisest choice is a little black dress. Into this accepted uniform you can pack a load of fashion.

The chic frock this winter is semi-fitted in front with a high neck and a low loose back, and a teasing little bow on the tummy.

With a design by Guy La Roche, VIVI, the pretty wife of golfer Henri de La Maza, was first into the new line. Others are rapidly following now that they can see how adorably it looks in the centre of the dance floor.

DINING AT HOME.

For a private dinner it is not always certain if your hostess will expect you to roll up your sleeves and help with the washing-up.

A fresh threshold is always better crossed safely dressed in black. Nothing looks more stupid than an elaborate, saffron affair at the kind of party where you are expected to sprawl on the floor and "talk."

ADJUSTABLE

AN Englishman is just as likely to take you to dinner wearing a sports coat as he is a dinner jacket—an idiosyncrasy that has nothing to do with his bank balance or his emotional interests.

If you are faced with turning sporty at the last minute do this by tying a scarf at your throat, and keep it on all evening.

If he is in his dinner jacket pull your frock well down on your shoulders, and pin a brooch at the tip of one shoulder.

Make both these switches in your bedroom when you go to get your coat. In all probability he will split the difference by showing up in a Prince of Wales check suit and a jolly yellow cardigan, and look to you to make the plans.

In all events stick to black. If the beau has the kind of crush that sends him into the flower shop, keep your head when he offers up the spray.

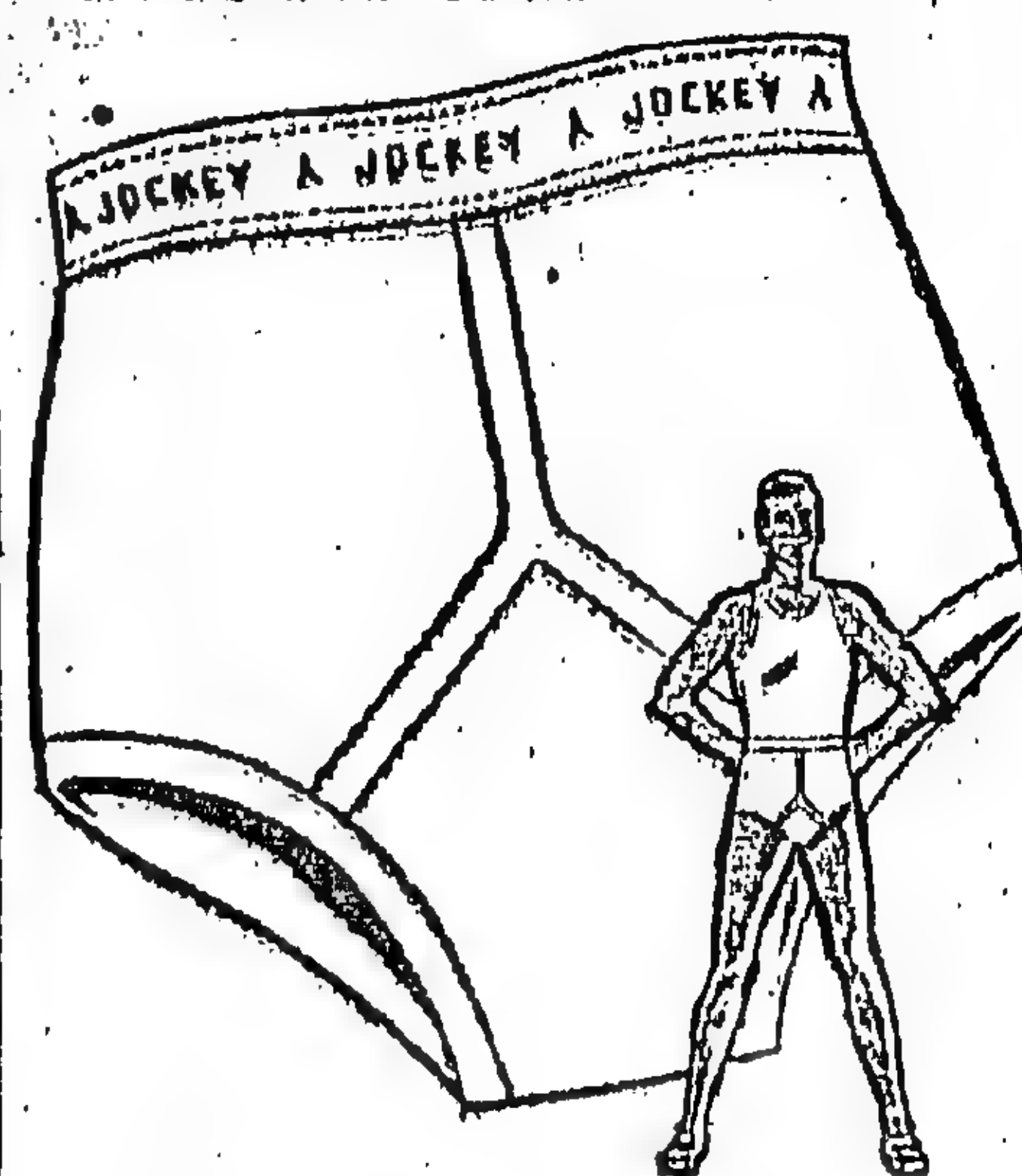
"They'll look so pretty by my bed," you say, and firmly pop the wretched things into a glass or teacup.

One final piece of advice! Success in the evening depends almost entirely on CONFIDENCE. An admiring beau or a new dress are the best morale raisers in the world.

A smart half-style or a new scent, excellent! Inexpensive substitutes.

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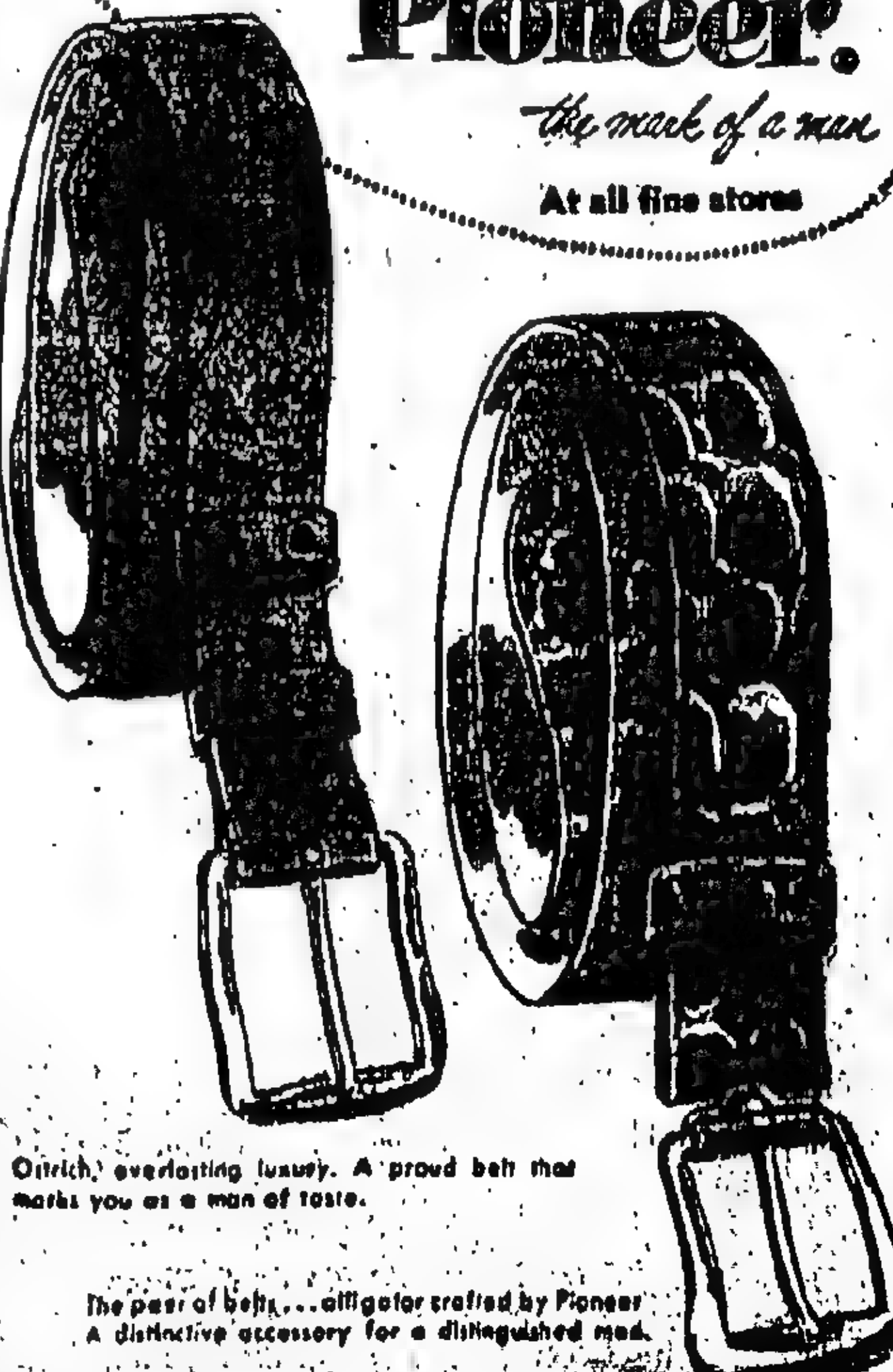
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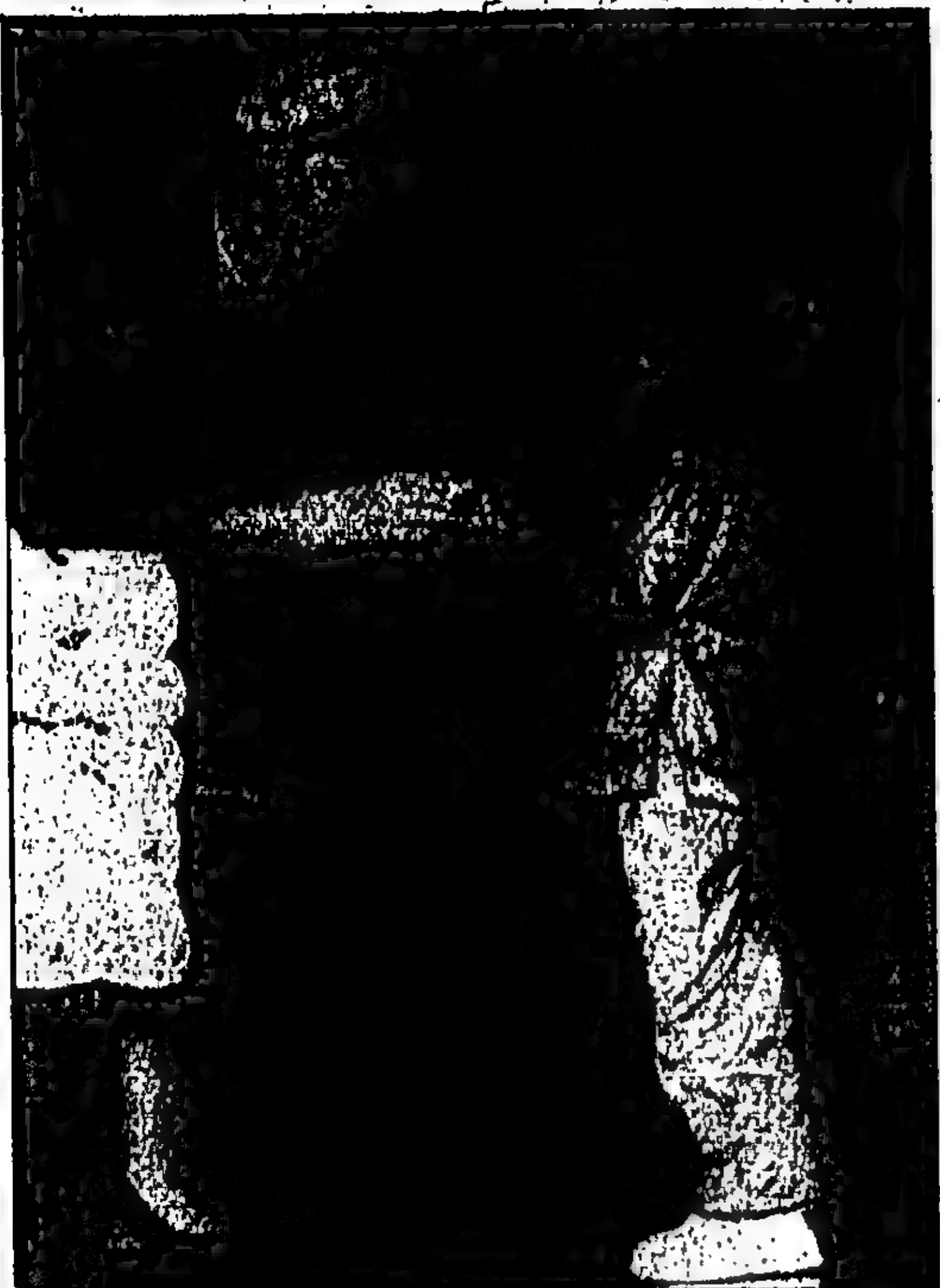
MODEL 2001 FEATHERWEIGHT PORTABLE

MODEL 3001 THE CONVERTIBLE ELECTRIC PORTABLE

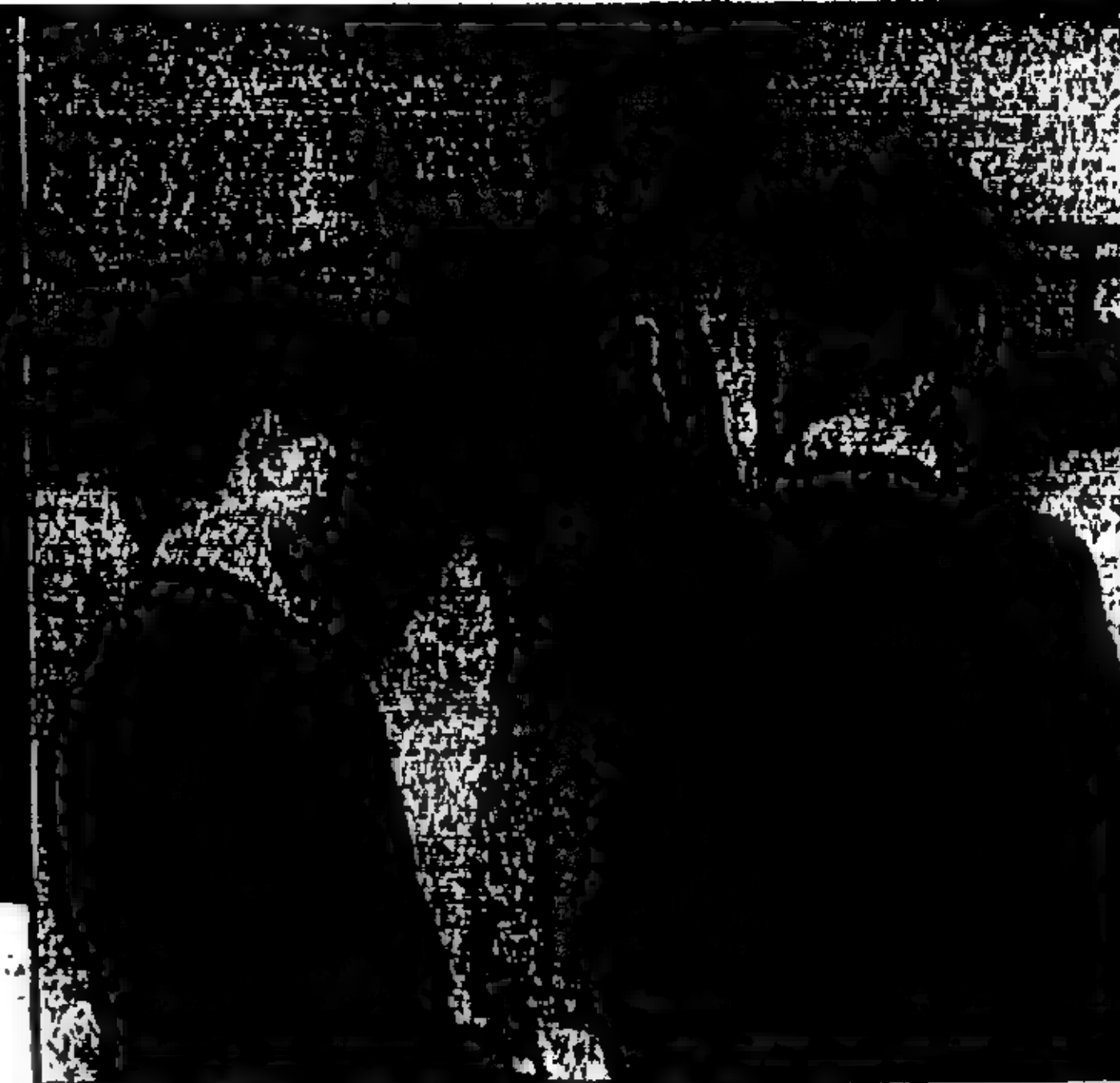
THERE ARE MANY OTHER MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

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Christmas is a time for prizes as well as presents, and here is one for a toddler presented by Mrs L. T. Ride at the Speech Day of Ying Wah Girls' School.



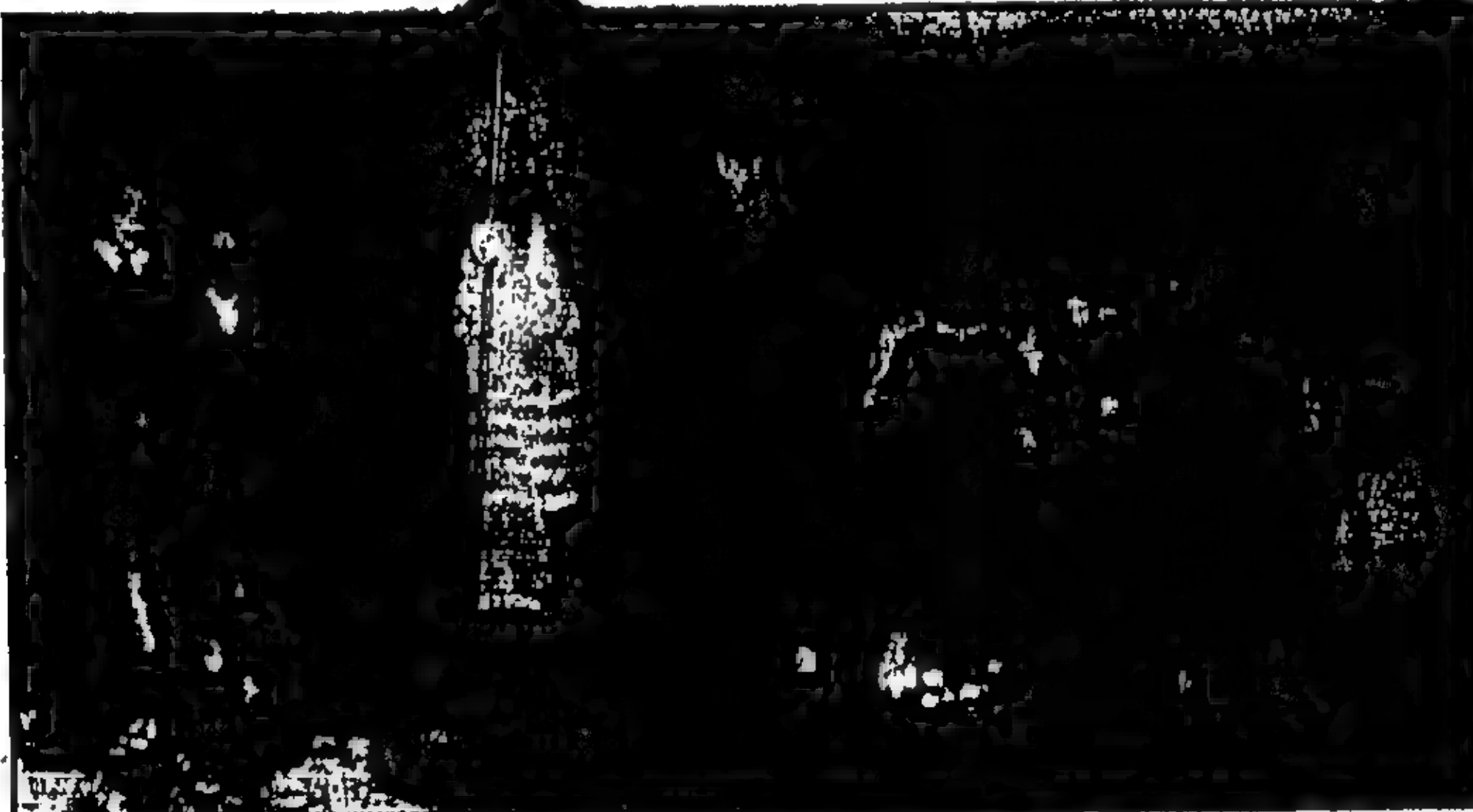
General Sir Francis Festing, Commander-in-Chief of the British Far East Land Forces and Lady Festing are seen at the Hongkong Music Training Centre for the Blind (TOP LEFT). The General is seen listening to a recital and meeting some of the musicians afterwards (ABOVE).



First place visited by the Dutch Santa, they spell his name "Sinterklaas", call him "Saint Nicholas," and say that he sails from Spain at the end of November and that two blackamoor helpers carry switches (to reward bad children) as well as presents for the good ones. In Hongkong he turned up at the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club where the local Dutch community gathered to welcome him.



Christmas customs of Sweden and "the festival of Lucia" are described and demonstrated at the American Women's Club by Peter Brandel in the long hat and Inger Melhuus in the lit up hat.



Santa, in less clerical garb (below) moved on a few days later from the Yacht Club to the annual fair of the Mission to Lepers at Happy Valley, where he found the children (left). He turned up for the occasion in a sports car, along with pirates and goblins to join in the fun of the fair.



Mrs Everett Drumright and two pupils at the opening of a new Lutheran School at Tai Hang Tung.



Little boy lost . . . or perhaps just caught out. 'Who minds being lost at the cookie counter of the American Women's Club, and having it all to himself?'

Book **ALL** your
TRAVEL
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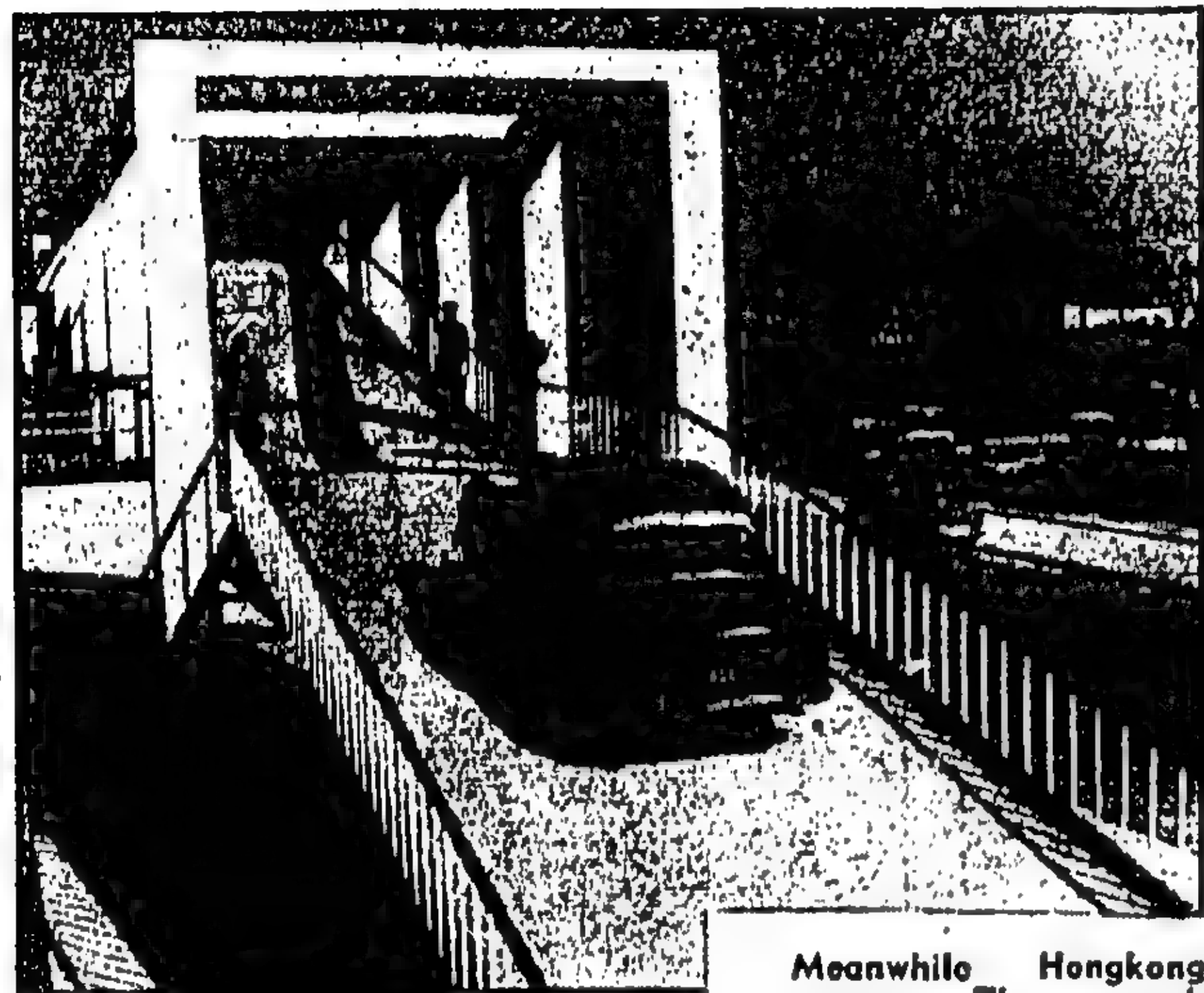
Give your whole family
a Christmas present!
A PHILCO REFRIGERATOR

Feature packed Philco gives you big capacity and modern design. Over 10 cu. ft. of storage space, with huge 48 lb. freezer and full-width chiller. Extra deep door holds milk and beverages.
Remember . . . a free Philco ice-crusher given away with each refrigerator during December.
GILMANS
Showrooms: Gloucester Arcade.

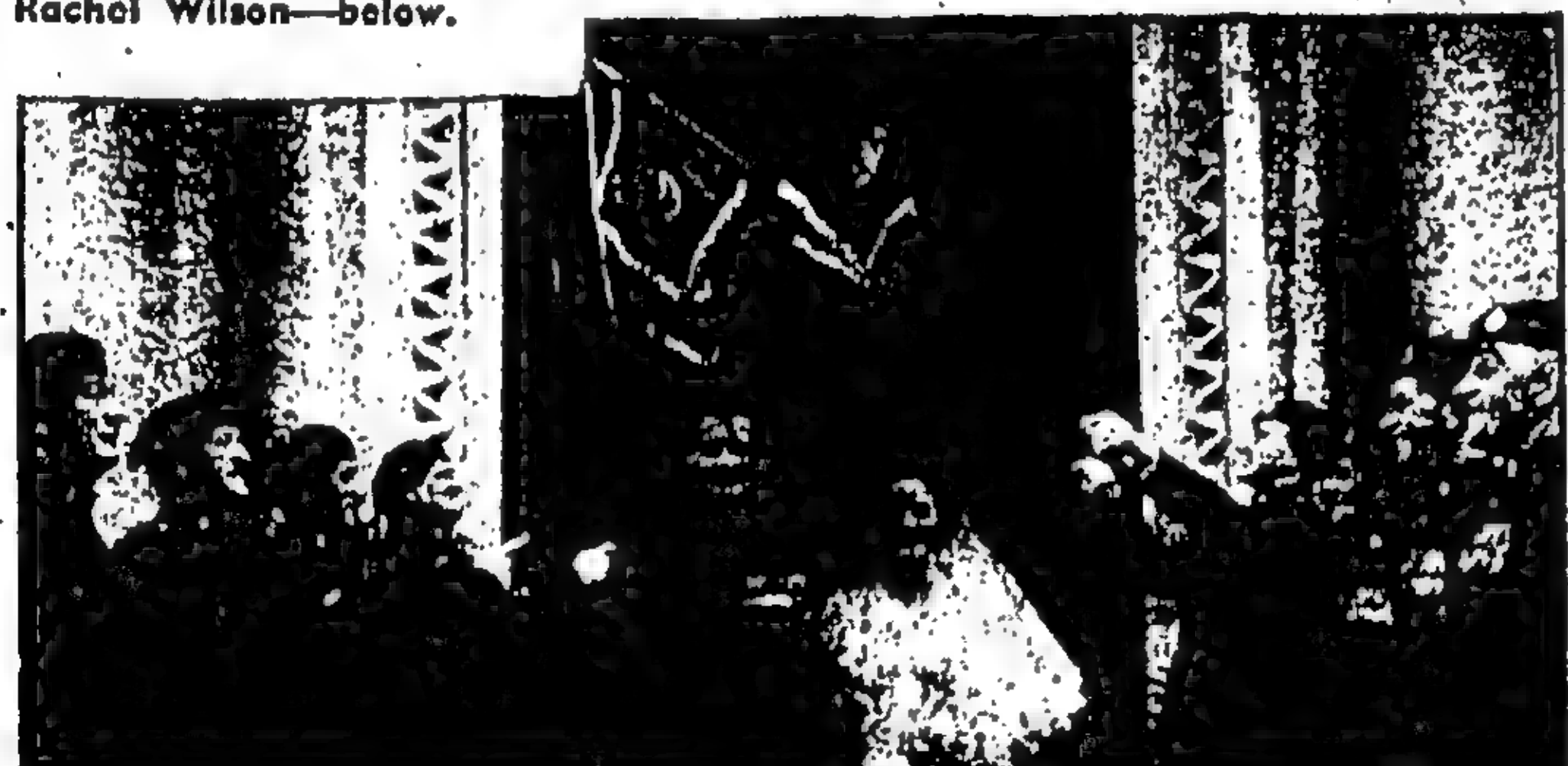
On the departure from the Colony of His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham and Lady Grantham

A TRIBUTE FROM THE NEW TERRITORIES

For ten long years you steered the ship of State.
Your rule was over firm and kind and wise,
And Lady Maurine played her gracious part.
You understood our problems and our needs.
We trusted you. You won the people's heart.
And now we find it hard to say goodbye.
We grieve, and yet a million voices rise
To wish you joy, prosperity and health,
And all the rich rewards that men devise
For those whose task was well and nobly done.
Go, with the blessing of a multitude.
The love and gratitude which you have won
Lie at your feet with homage fond and true,
And through the years to come, with gratitude
And love undimmed we shall remember you.

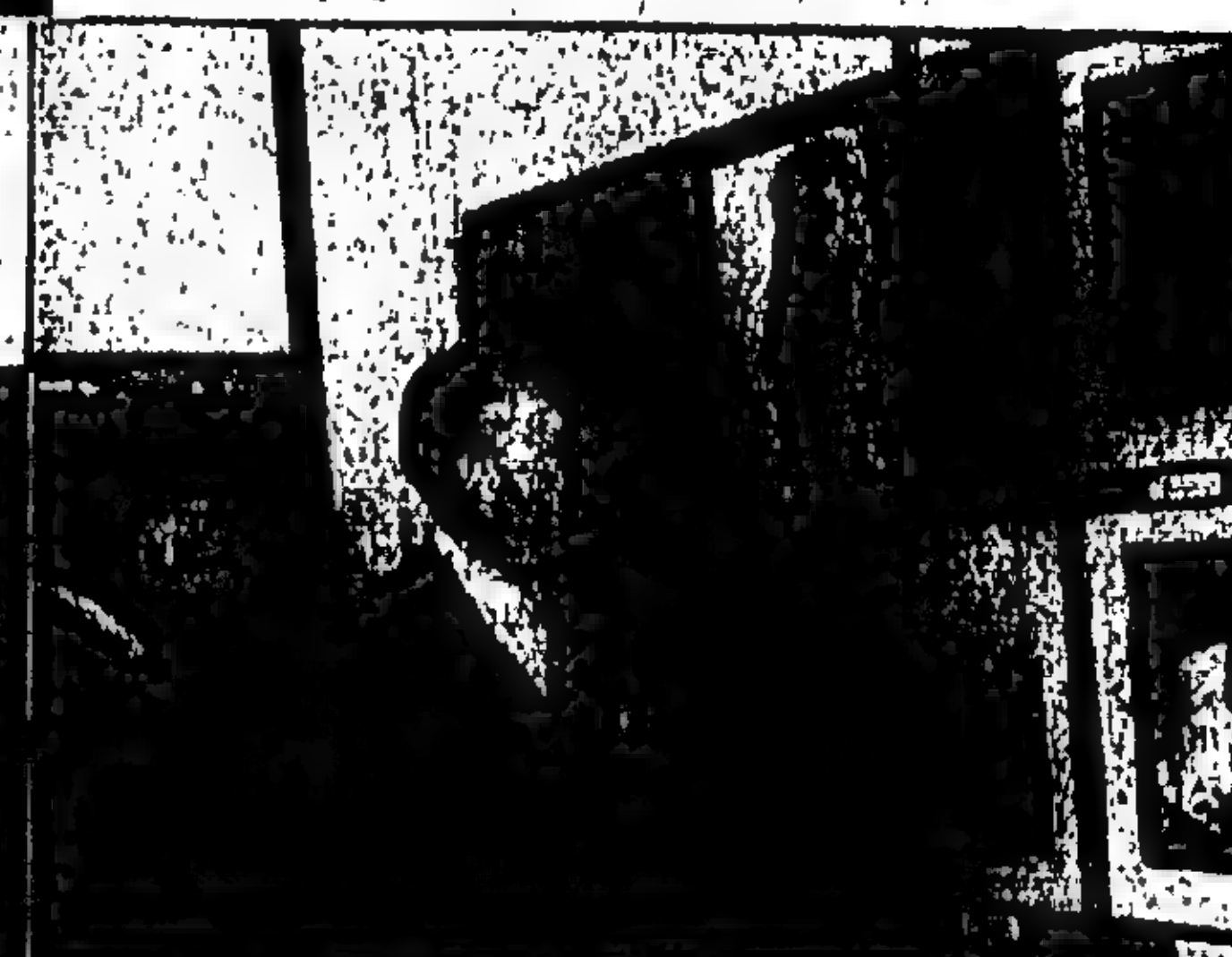


Meanwhile Hongkong goes on. The car park opens—above. Exhibition by self-taught portrait painter Alfonso Barretto—right. And the wedding at St John's Cathedral of William Trotter and Maureen Hodgkinson—left; and Major Alan Parks and Rachel Wilson—below.



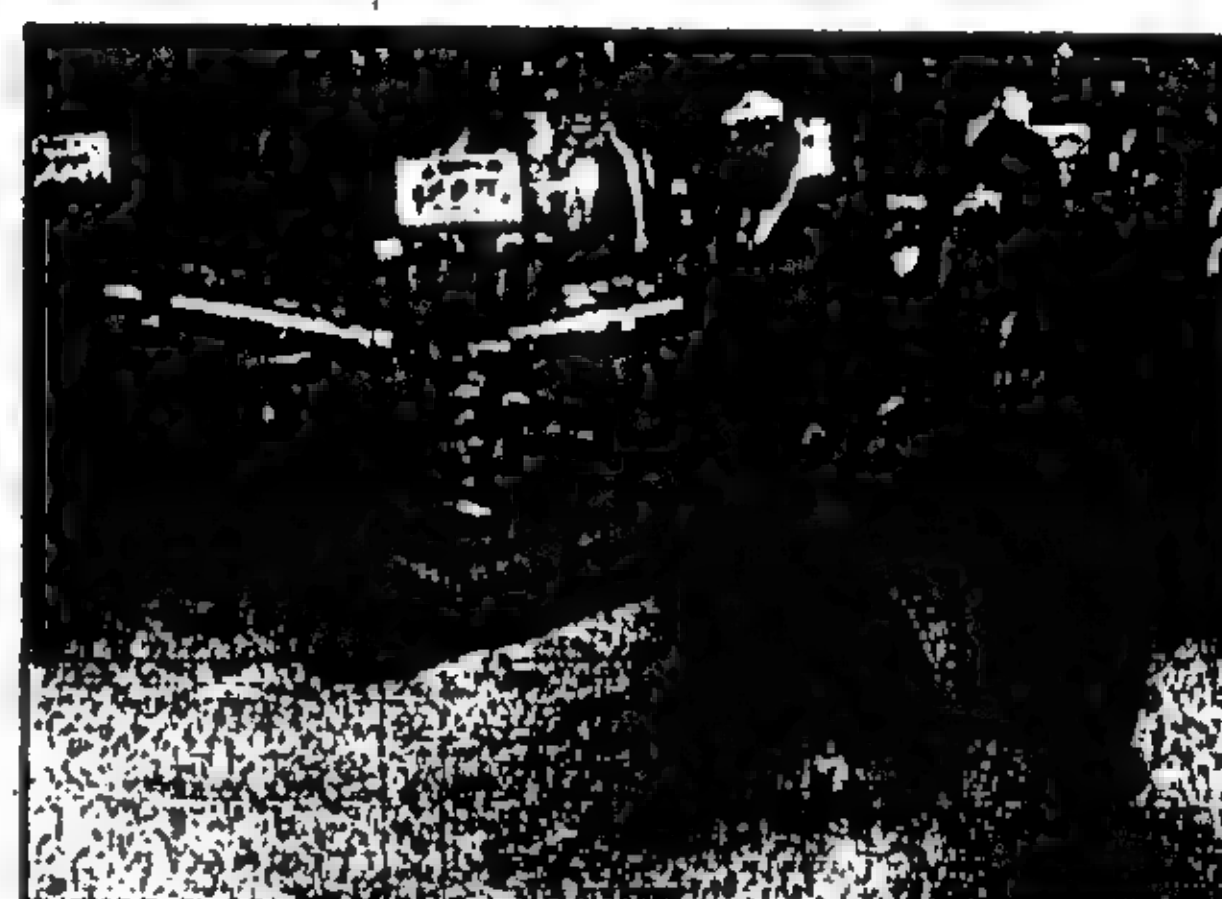
Lady Grantham is seen at a farewell cocktail party given by Directors of the Po Leung Kuk speaking to the Hon. Sir Tsun-min Chau and Mrs Robert Li.

Mr Wilson T. S. Wang, Chairman of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals presenting a farewell gift at a joint reception with Directors of the Po Leung Kuk at Government House.



At the 12th Annual Hongkong International Salon of Pictorial Photography, which was combined this year for the first time with an International Colour Slide Exhibition at St John's Cathedral Hall.

Sir Alexander and Mr Shum Wai-yau at a farewell cocktail party given by the Wah Kiu Yat Po...one of Hongkong's leading Chinese language newspapers.



The annual charity ball of the Society for the Protection of Children was another occasion for farewells. BELOW: Another was the opening of Hongkong's newest and largest reservoir Tai Lam Chung.

With Mr U Tai-chee, Sir Alexander tours the Hongkong Products Exhibition which daily draws in 34,000 odd people. BELOW: With delegates at the closing of Hongkong's first "Youth Seminar."



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for:-

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STANDARD PRESWOOD
TEMPERED PRESWOOD
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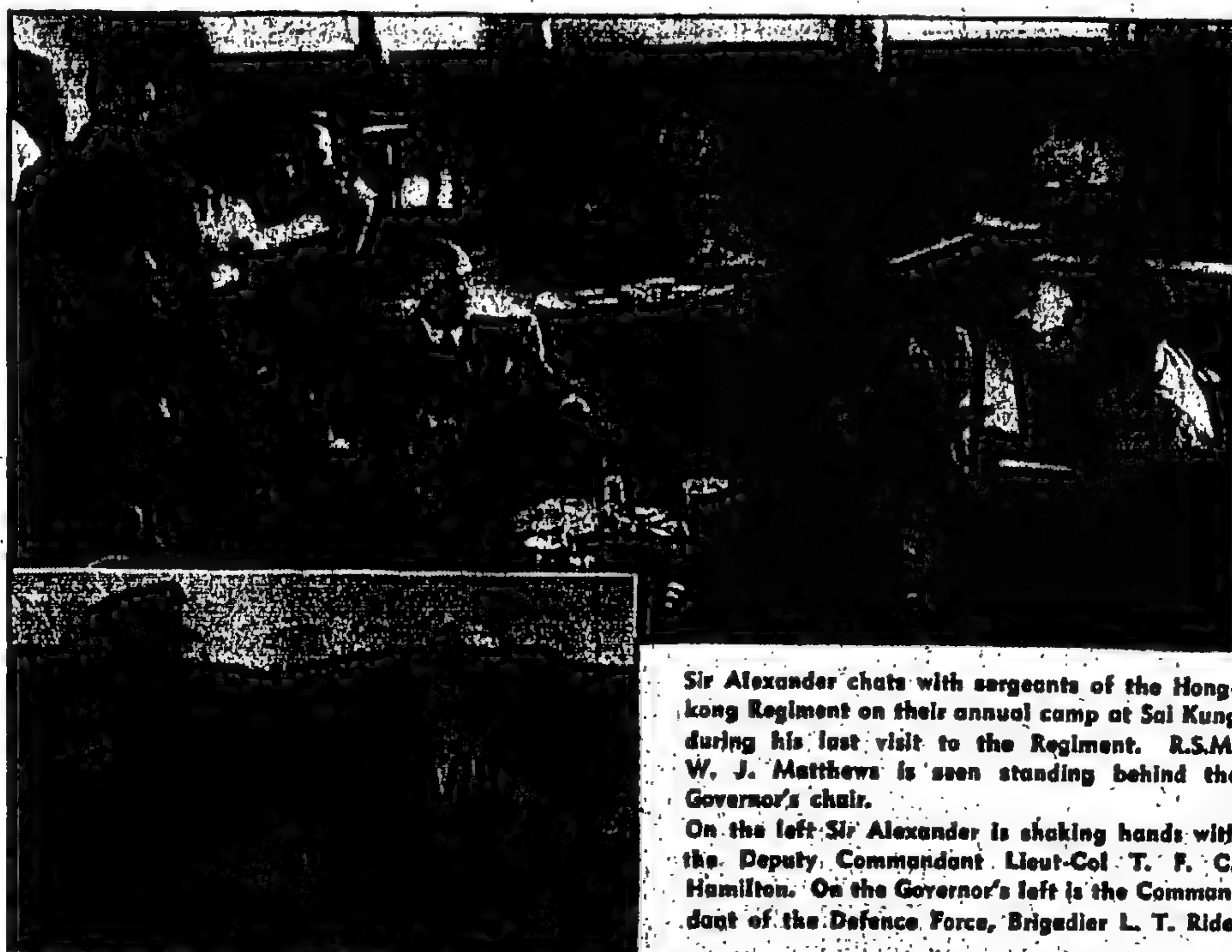


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Sir Alexander chats with sergeants of the Hongkong Regiment on their annual camp at Sai Kung during his last visit to the Regiment. R.S.M. W. J. Matthews is seen standing behind the Governor's chair.

On the left Sir Alexander is shaking hands with the Deputy Commandant Lieut-Col. T. F. C. Hamilton. On the Governor's left is the Commandant of the Defence Force, Brigadier L. T. Ride.

FOR THE AIR MALE

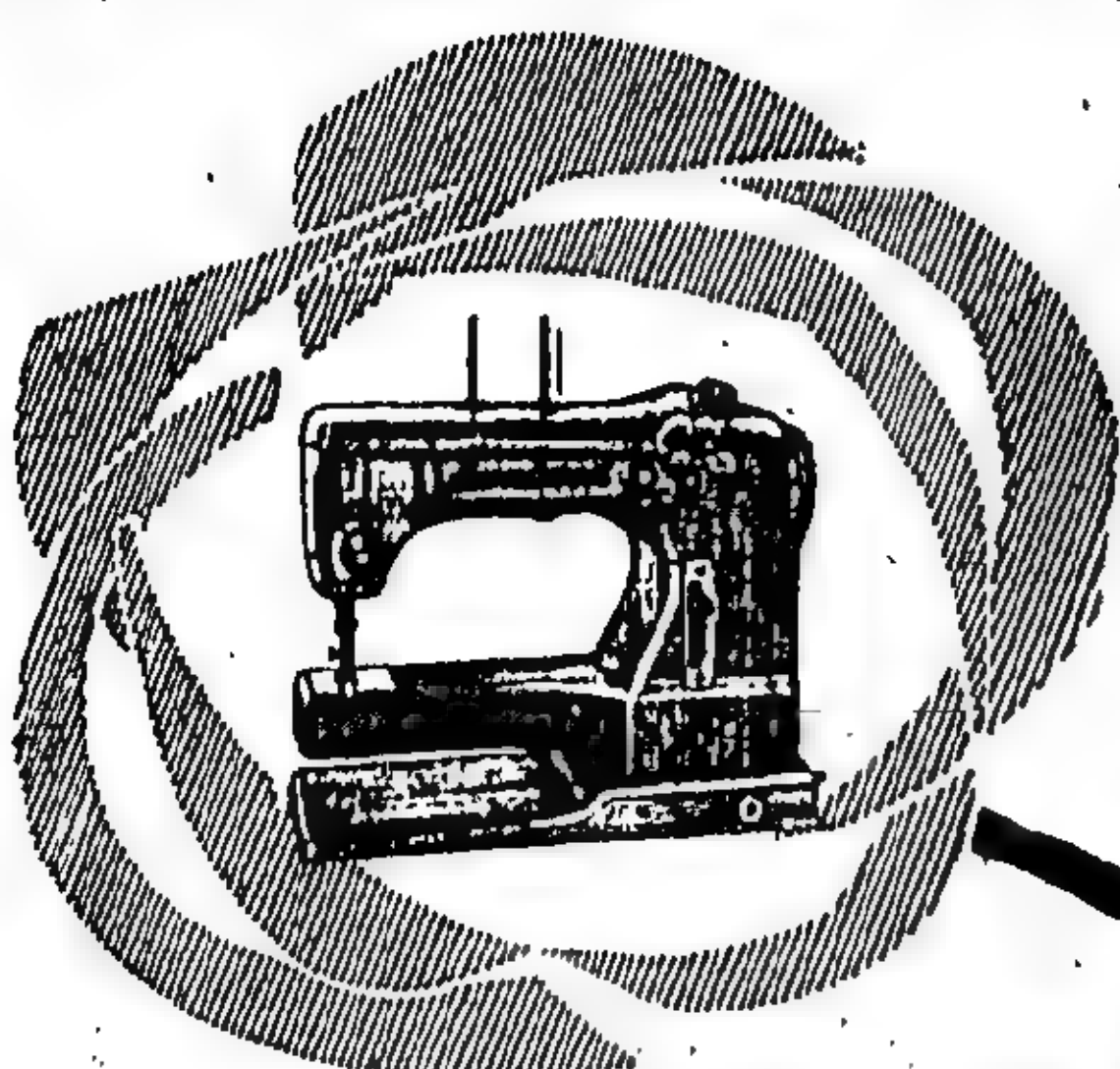
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CHRISTMAS AT HOME

Affection And Tinsel Combine At Festivities

By ELEANOR ROSS

THE spirit of love which inspires Christmas
expresses itself in many ways.

Tinsel, holly, tinkling
bells, bright ribbon and
evergreen wreaths, all small
things in themselves, draw
us back in memory to the
past.

Linked with Past

They are cherished
symbols of man's ancient
ways. Derived from many
sources and peoples, they
continue to evoke in us a
nostalgic feeling, a kind of
yearning for traditional
ways and remembered
friends.

Part of the miracle of Christ-
mas is expressed in the joy of
giving. The gift itself may be
tiny, but the emotion behind it
is great. Affection is expressed
in every intricate bow and seal.

A magazine subscription is
often sent as a Yuletide remem-
brance. Of course, the periodical
itself sends a greeting card
announcing the gift to the re-
cipient.

Something Extra

But the ingenious may devise
a charming extra flipp to add to
the present's appeal.

An inexpensive wicket maga-
zine basket or a letter tray
might be purchased or drafted
into service from your own
possessions. Wrap the Novem-
ber and December issues of the
particular magazine up in gold
holiday paper. Then loop
ribbon around the container and
tie it with a big, loose bow.

If only one colour of un-
decorated ribbon is used, paste
on a few beads or sequins for a
glitter touch, or place sequins
all over the ribbon in polka dot
effect.

Present in Wheelbarrow

Gift shops frequently harbour
wonderful small gift containers
such as wicket wheelbarrows.
Last year we obtained several
and used them to turn one
present by speedy alchemy into
two.

Such attractive holders may
be sprayed with commercial
snow, and then decorated with
bells, flowers, pine cones and
ribbon.

Don't overdo the frippery!
The gift each wheelbarrow held
was wrapped in plain metallic

paper and tied with the narrow-
est of ribbon without benefit of
bows. The container had enough
adornment without further em-
bellishment.

During the summer we
obtained several of these small
straw baskets which were
popular as handbags. Now
they'll be put to use as con-
tainers for modest gifts such as
gloves, handkerchiefs and
scarves.

Spangles and red and green
ribbons complete the gift.
Such a straw carrier would be
ideal for a little girl, especially
if she decided to save it for
next summer.

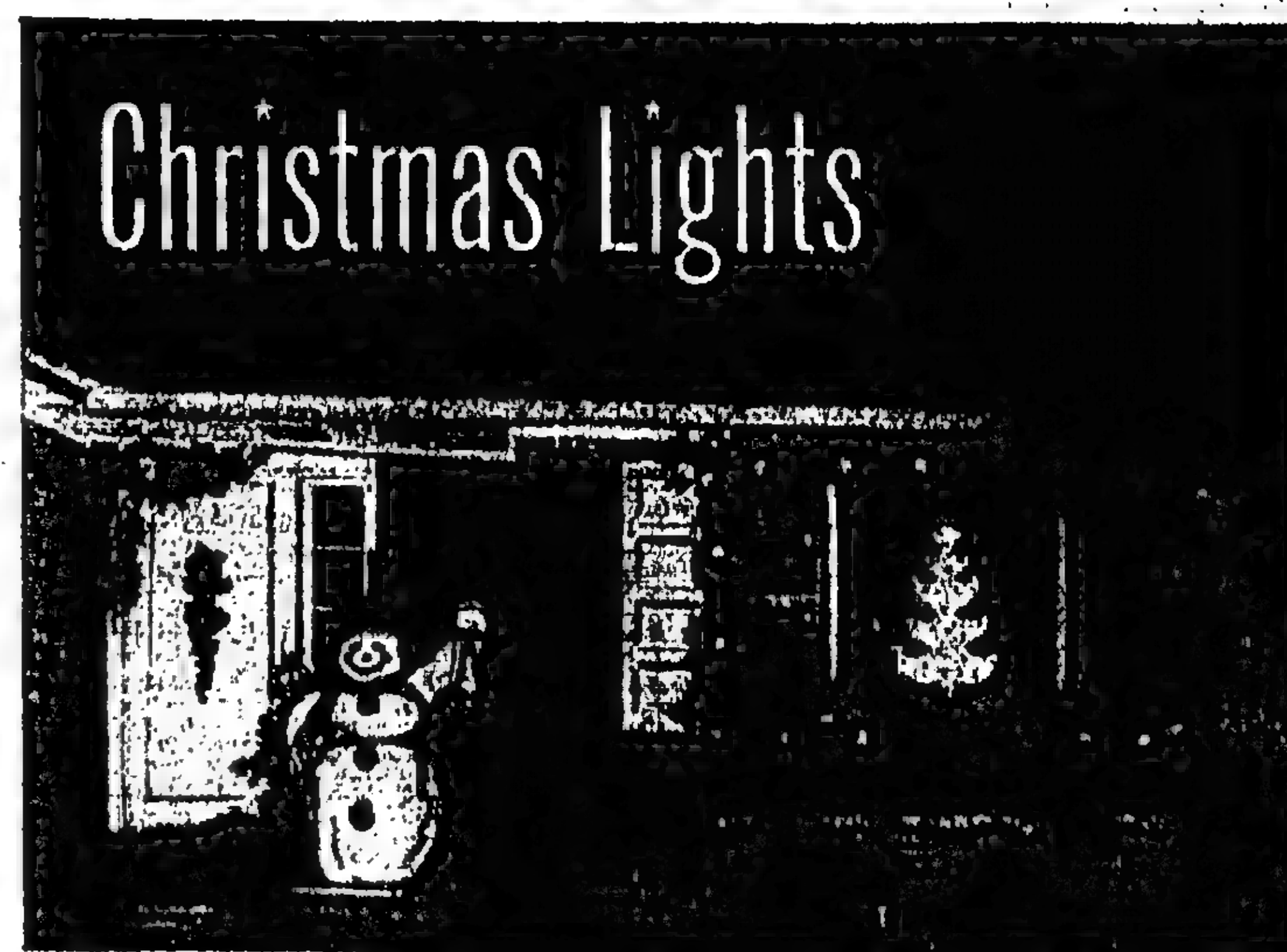
Gold Stars

Larger wicket handbags might
be filled with gaudily wrapped
holiday cakes and cookies.

These hampers should also be
brightly decorated. Ropes of
tree trimming might be affixed
by tiny bows or pine cone
clusters. Or tie the containers
with ribbon and finish off with
a huge felt bow of the same
colour as the tings. Gold stars
may be pasted on for another
touch.

One such hamper is going to
an invalid child. Inside she
will find 12 gaily wrapped pack-
ages, each to be opened on the
25th of each month in the year
(if her will power holds out).

Christmas Lights



By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

CITY folks miss out on
one of the most
colourful parts of the
Christmas celebration—the
lights!

They shine forth from de-
partment stores and other
commercial displays, of course,
but the brightest and most
original light effects are those
seen in private homes.

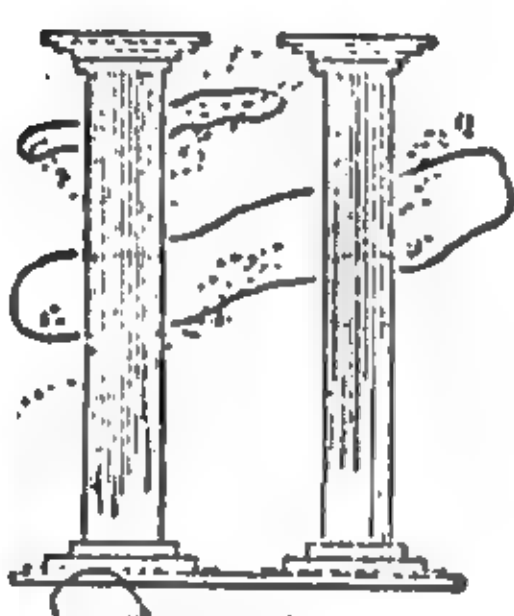
Among the more novel ideas
for Christmas is a window
framed with evergreen that's
lit by three huge electric
candles and a twinkling "Noel"
sign. We like, too, a doorway
wrapped with ribbon like a
giant gift package. Lights are
placed in the evergreens that
frame the door.

A striking effect was achieved
for another home with a huge
picture window. Angels cut
from plywood hang on either
side of the window, with lights
focussing on them and the
message: "Joy to the World."

The accent above is on the
doorway. Tied with ribbons,
it's decorated with toy cut-
outs and candy canes in gift-
package style. On the right,
a jaunty snowman adds a
merry note to the decorations.



Christmas classics



Simplify your Christmas shopping —

Give *Coopers* hose.



She's dreaming of a TELEFUNKEN Christmas



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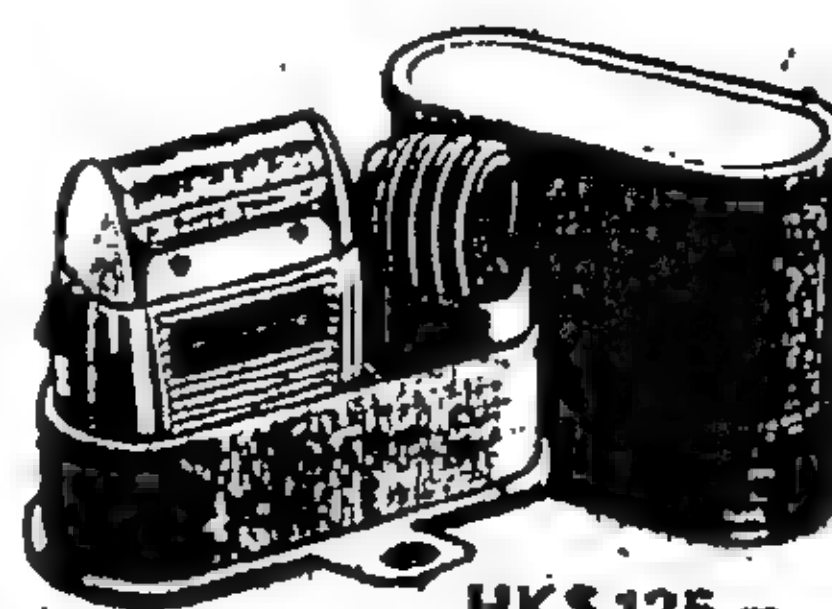
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RONSON ELECTRIC SHAVER with Super Trim

Give him this very latest of Electric Shavers
and he'll bless you for a lifetime of perfect
grooming. Made of tough, finely-tempered steel,
the new Ronson's micro-thin foil is thinner than
this sheet of paper—so that the powerful steel
cutters get really close to the skin to give him
the closest shave of all. And because the
Ronson foil is as flexible as the skin, it
moulds itself to his face and gives a
wonderfully smooth, even shave. The built-in
Super Trim will deal smartly with all his long
hair trimming: moustaches, sideboards, and
neck hairs. No other electric shaver does so
much with such complete efficiency. The
Ronson works on A.C. 100-125 volts, 200-240
volts. It is perfectly insulated and will not
cause radio or T.V. interference.



HK\$125.-

The Ronson is available, also, in a
convenient Stow-away plastic pack,
light-weight and washable.

Here is the Ronson with Super Trim in
its handsome presentation case, beautifully
made to take the shaver together with its
flex and adaptor.

HK\$140.-



HK\$170.-

The much-travelled man will appreciate
his Ronson in this coach-bide Trip Kit
containing the shaver, with flex and
adaptor, tooth-paste, tooth-brush,
mirror, comb and nail file.

By Ronson makers of the world's greatest lighters and shavers.

Available from all leading Department Stores, and Electrical Appliance Shops.

Sole Agents: ED. A. KELLER & CO., LTD.



A PRESENT FOR SANTA

by George Ramage

THIS is a highly improbable Christmas story with odd grains of truth scattered here and there. It deals with the problem of Stella and myself; with an old ex-boxer, called, of all things, December Jones; with his dreadful small son; with Steve who caught a cold; and with a most benevolent Santa Claus who used to like children.

Our aircraft glided into Kai Tak right on time. To be precise 1105 hours, 23rd December. Stella and I had wrangled successfully from London Airport with brief stops for breath at Beirut and Karachi. We've known each other fairly well for almost ten years. We spark off our quarrels with no trouble at all. Something to do with chemical reaction I'm told.



Stella is dark, willowy, well-groomed, a shade too sophisticated. I, so she frequently tells me, am an untidy, sandy-haired sledge. I don't know what we see in each other. We've been married nine years eleven months.

As the plane swung away from a murky, freezing London we both settled back, and Stella drawled, "Now what shall we bicker about first? There's Me, You, my Career, our Home, your Secretary —" I, provoked of course, snapped, "Leave me out of it. Let's discuss, sensibly if we can, your dress bills, your late-night parties, your latest 'angry young man'." And so on, all the usual rhetoric. Yes, I agree, we're old enough to have more sense. But that's how it is, or rather, was. And thereby hangs the tale.

When we alighted at Kai Tak a brilliant sun-splashed morning said, "This is Hongkong." Stella looked around and muttered, "What? No snow?" I just

grinned. I didn't feel like explaining. I'd actually called Steve Conway from Calcutta, so I looked around for him, quite casually, of course. But no Steve appeared. Stella lifted a derisive eyebrow, but my guardian angel got busy, and a strange character shuffled up. This was December Jones, the twelfth offspring of parents who found an easy way out for names. Well, up shuffled this fellow, a big man who had shrunk with age so that his skin hung about him in folds. He was like a Great Dane. He had the ugliest face and the kindest eyes I've ever seen. I recognised him from Steve's letters, but gave him first go. "Excuse me—Mr Barrett?" he asked in a hoarse, conspiratorial whisper. "Correct," I answered, avoiding the temptation to whisper back, "and I bet you're December Jones." His throaty, "That's right," and Stella's unlady-like, "December! Blimey!" sounded like a duet. I turned to Stella, and could have slapped her. She had assumed that bored, little-man-what-now pose, so I barked with some ferocity, "For your information, my good woman, this is Mr Jones, Steve's friend. It obviously means nothing to you that December Jones was the finest welterweight we've ever produced, and if it hadn't been for a car-smash he'd have been World Champion." December waved a massive paw of denial, and Stella yawned, "Don't 'my good woman' me, and mind your blood-pressure."

Whilst I silently counted ten December was explaining that Steve had been suddenly called into a conference and that he was deputising. He did it very well. His car was waiting outside, and as we bowed along to our hotel I prattled away extra hard to cover Stella's silence. But I didn't deceive old December. I could see his eyes flicking across to her, and I growled inwardly. In the harbour the junks were

putting on a brave welcome. Stella brooded on. As we drew up at the Pantheon entrance of the hotel I thanked December and took his telephone number. Stella unbent sufficiently to remember her party manners.

Well, we were receptioned with due solemnity, and once installed in our room we settled down to a little of the well-known Barrett bliss. Stella had the floor. "It's bad enough having a soul-destroying trip in your uninspiring company —" she began, but I wasn't having any of that. "Coming from you that's very funny. Was there any need for the obvious boredom when we met Jones?"

She stopped pacing and swung round with perfect timing and an arresting swirl of skirt. "Jones? It was December a moment ago. Do you have to drool about a broken-down brute?" I couldn't take any more. He'd been one of my boyhood heroes. I made for the door. "Bill!" I've always turned back for that special pleading tone. But I gave her my stern District Attorney stare. "I'm sorry I said all that. He's probably quite a nice old thing. Let's both go down to the bar and have that drink you need so badly." What can you do with a woman like that?



We'd just finished lunch when Steve rang, and I arranged for him to drop in about eight. When I'd replaced the receiver I found a starry-eyed Stella at my elbow. "Was that Steve? When do we see him?" she babbled. I was a bit on edge I suppose, because, forgetting our idyllic pre-lunch episode, I snapped, "Relax. He's just another man. Like the sleazy type you were ogling in the bar." It always shattered me, but I must confess that Stella looks absolutely magnificent when she's angry. And angry she was. She set herself like a pointer and snapped, "Alright, Barrett. Watch me welcome your dear friend Steve. And a Merry Christmas to one and all!" And with that she made a spectacular exit.

Now, I must put you in the picture about Steve. He's an old college friend of mine. He's

large, heavy, and hearty. Stella tells me he dances divinely. I've not had time to check on that.

Well, Steve arrived around about eight and found us in the bath. Stella had garbed herself in black. Very soignée, very St John's Wood. She proceeded to give him The Method, the whole bag of tricks—the fluttering eyelashes, the admiring gaze, the hand-clutch on sleeve, the lot. I was only semi-amused, but quite helpless, and Steve didn't mind. Who would? I left the somewhat engrossed pair, and made my way to the lift. "Ng," I said carelessly to the lift-boy. "Fifth floor, sir?" he asked innocently, and smiled like a mischievous sun. "No, no," I growled, and left him to work that one out. I went straight to our room and rang December. He was at home and pleased to talk, but was too busy to come over, which was disappointing. However, he invited Stella and me over to his place the following afternoon, to a children's Christmas Eve party of all things, probably hoping to put the right ideas into our heads. "Steve," he blazed, "will act as Santa Claus, as usual. He's a great favourite with my boy." Such popularity, I thought, and went to bed.

The following morning I scrupulously maintained the status quo. Not for me to give in. Stella, who apparently had returned to base the previous evening without noticeable damage, appeared to be weakening a little, but was given no scope by me. In a small lost voice she volunteered the news that Steve had talked to December after I left and that he was picking us up at two-thirty.

Steve duly arrived complete with roadster, and looked not so well. This cheered me up tremendously. I wasn't the least bit annoyed with him. The drive to Sheik-O was a strange combination of hair-raising bursts of speed and thunderous snatches from Steve. As we pulled up at December's he announced gravely, "I think I've got Asian flu." I was a little angry. "Why couldn't you have honest-to-goodness British flu?" I snorted.

December welcomed us, and was duly sympathetic about Steve. He gave me a quick look-over and stated quite calmly, "There's nothing else for it. Steve's not fit. You'll have to be Santa Claus." In spite of all my objections it was settled, and I climbed unhappily into the costume provided. Stella stuck my whiskers on end and used, I thought, a lot more glue than was necessary. However, she smiled in a sort of

possessive way, and said, "We have every confidence in you. It's a proud moment." I made a tea noise, and heard Steve creak through a barrage of sneezes. "Watch Robert—he's a menace."



Robert the Menace was December's son and heir and ostensibly the host of this party, which had all the ingredients for trouble: the greedy fat-boy, the bossy fat-girl, the just William toughie, Robert, and, of course, lashings of FOOD. And me, a very inexperienced Santa.

Whilst waiting for zero hour I was gratified to see that Stella

was chatting away gaily to December who had obviously won her over. Steve crouched morosely in a corner of the veranda. I was supposed to hand out presents, but as I advanced ponderously, sack and all, Robert just happened to roll under my feet, and down I went. In the resultant scum—reserves seemed to pour in from all sides—I lost half my whiskers, took a fairly hefty wallop on the nose, and was robbed of all my presents. When I saw Robert and Just William tossing my sack around it was the end. I grabbed Robert and gave him a pretty sound beating. He took it very well, and proceeded to demolish me by saying, "You're the best Santa we've ever had—usually he has no sense of humour." December patted my shoulder, and wheezed, "Thanks, Mr Barrett. A fine exhibition." Stella was still smiling, and I knew that a minor miracle had taken place without any assistance from me. "What's happened?" I asked. Stella looked me straight in the



eye and informed me that Mr Jones had psychoanalysed her. I stopped questioning then, and muttered, "a quiet Christmas... unbelievable," as the fat-boy ran screaming through the room hotly pursued by the tierified posse. Then my toes were stamped on quite deliberately, and I looked down at a serious little girl, all horse's tail and spectacles. "I've got a present for you, Santa Claus," she lisped. I waited expectantly, easing my squashed toes, and she handed me a large red card. I looked at it and smiled. On it in gold-leafing was "On earth peace, goodwill among men".



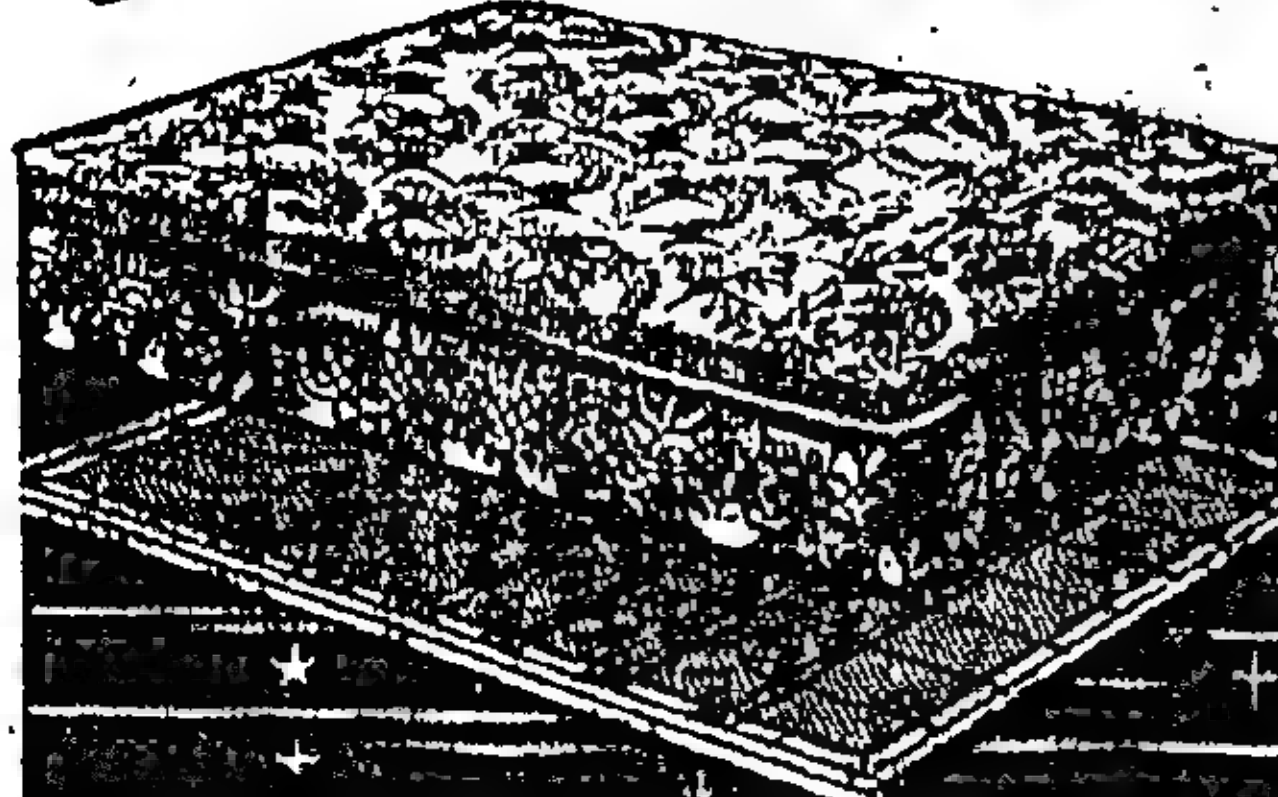
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Hongkong Christmas Carol

NOW it happens a few Christmases ago that a few of us are in the old "Snakepit" that used to be in Queen's Road. And the reason we are there is because we are lonely. And the reason we are lonely is because our ever loving and faithful wives are in England.

To stop ourselves from busting out crying, we are having a few snoots, and around about twelve o'clock, one character known as Harry has an inspiration. He says, "Fellow drinkers, although we are sad on account of the absence of our ever loving and faithful wives, nevertheless we will sing some carols. It will help us to think we are rejoined with our family."

This proposal causes a little argument on account of one of two characters who are not anxious to have their ever loving and faithful wives with them. Nevertheless, there is general agreement that we sing some carols. We choose Bill to lend the singing on account of his having been in the church choir.

We sing "The First Noel" which has some lovely harmony, but the young gentriment on duty in Queen's Road who has no ear for music comes in and starts to give us a little argument. So the next thing we know is Bill has thrown him out in the street. Bill being musical, is also highly temperamental as are most musicians.

The next thing we know is a truck load of gendarmes arrive from Central and who should be in charge but old Gussie Gus. "Well, well," he says, "how touching," he says, "ill we lack is a snowstorm."

"Now," says Harry, "you must be reasonable. And if I know my law, you cannot arrest us for singing carols on Christmas Eve."

Now I can see that this reference to points of the law will get us nowhere as our local Gendarmes are very touchy when a private citizen tries to instruct them in the law.

"Have a drink, Gus," I say. "Well," says Gus, "seeing it is Christmas and I am just off duty if it were not for youse guys, I will. Furthermore," he says, "it will take second tenor in the next carol because when I come down the road I notice that you are a bit thin in your harmony."

So after a few more noggins we strike up "Good King Wenceslas" and although I say it myself, we gather a very large audience around the bar, and when I take the solo about the poor peder who has no scratch and is out rathening firewood, at least two customers break down crying.

By this time, Gussie Gus is well warmed up and says anyone who wishes to stop such beautiful harmony on Christmas Eve must be a very wrong type and that Gus will personally escort him to the Can should any such interfere.

We now sing "Silent Night" and some American sailors who claim they are in Golden Bowl Philharmonic Choir are allowed to join in without reference to their credentials.

We are just resting before starting up "Christians Awake" when suddenly a character shouts to us, "A Merry Christmas."

We all look up and are greatly astonished to see old Bob Scrooge. Now the reason we are surprised is that although he is a well known character in Hongkong, he is

tells the boy to go on pouring, then he clears his throat, and says thus.

One way and another (says Bob) I have been here fifty years. Why, when I am first here, you could see the Harbour reach right up to here to this road.

Well, as you know, I go into business with old Marley, and when I arrive he gives me a bit of good advice which if I take, I would now be a multi-

By Jaye Elle

by no means such a one as will wish you a "Merry Christmas."

In fact, he is more likely to wish you to that certain place. He is never known to buy anyone a drink or sign a bill in his life.

It is not because he has no money, for he has been out here years, and although things are not so good lately, he is by no means down to his last million.

But what surprises us more is, Bob shouts out, "I wish you each and everyone a happy Christmas, and pray that you will all do me the honour of joining me in a drink."

There is an immediate rush to the bar, but Harry clogs the bums, and mentions Bob just wishes to show his appreciation of the choir.

"No, no," says Bob, "I mean everyone, even including these bums."

At this Gus looks worried and I see him reach for his handkerchiefs. "He has gone mad," says Gus.

But Bob pushes his way to the counter and pulls out a nice course roll of lovely red hundred dollar bills.

I am greatly surprised and push my way over to Bob. I say, "Well Bob, it is indeed a pleasure and a privilege to have you drinking with us, also to have your voice in our beautiful choir, although," I say, "I resent your criticism about our harmony being a bit thin."

"One should not resent, especially Christmas time," says Bob.

"But," I say, "what surprises me is to find you down here, when I thought you would have been all tucked away in your humble twenty rooms above up on the Peak."

"Why, so I was," said Bob, "for as you know, usually I loathe and despise such characters as yourself. In fact, tonight was just another night until I have a dream about eleven o'clock."

"If you like," he says, "I will tell you about it." I look round, but it seems as if our carol party is over on account of our choirmaster being asleep under the table, while the first tenor is conducting the U.S. Navy in "Carry me back to old Virginia."

"All right," I says to Bob, "so long as the drinks keep coming, I will listen to your undoubtedly interesting story."

So Bob pushes his pile of notes further up the bar and

millionaire, and not trying to scratch along on a few millions as I am now.

Old Marley says to me: "Never give a sucker an even break. Never sign a bill if the other fellow reaches for it. And never subscribe to anything or anyone."

Well, as you see, I have done my best to live up to these high sounding principles until tonight.

Well, tonight I close my office round about five as usual, and put on my usual evening meal of a hot dog and a glass of milk at the Dairy Farm, and feeling generous on account of it being Christmas, I wish the stiff one and all a "Merry Christmas."

I then walk to the Peak Tram and as I am taking home my ledger and bank-book to do a bit of light reading tomorrow, I indulge in a taxi when I reach the top.

This piece of foolishness costs me a dollar, and then the driver has the confounded effrontery to wait for a tip. I think it was this that upset me and led to my strange experiences of the night.

I go to bed about nine to avoid the iniquitous changes of the light people and fall asleep almost immediately when all on a sudden, I am awakened by someone shading me.

I sit up, and although it is dark, I can see it is my old partner, Sam Marley.

I am somewhat surprised, for I personally remember escorting old Sam to the cemetery.

"Why Sam," I say, "while I am indeed glad to see you, I am somewhat surprised. Furthermore," I say, "I do not think the authorities will be pleased to know you are AWOL from the cemetery without permission."

At that, old Sam gives a kind of groan, and I can see right through him which gives me a bit of a start.

"Bob Scrooge," he says, "all you and me think about when I am alive how many we can do down the suckers so that we can add to our bank balances, but where has it got us?"

"Nay Sam," I say a bit indignantly. "I get you the best plot you can find in the Colonial Cemetery. I do not buy you a grave stone for I know you would object to the waste of money." But he gives a groan. "Look at where

it has got me." So I take a look, and sure enough he is weighted down with bundles of coarse \$500 bills.

"Why Sam," I say, "if that is all you are complaining about, I will take some of these immediately, and then you can go back to the cemetery and continue your well deserved rest."

"Bob Scrooge," he says, "I have come to warn you that it doesn't matter how much dough you make here, if you don't spread it around a little, you never sleep. Why, I have not had one night's sleep since you take me to Happy Valley."

"Now," he says, "I have come to warn you. If you don't stop your pencil shy habits, and if you don't mix a bit with your fellow men, then you will soon join me and have such a miserable time as I am having now." With that he vanishes.

Well I am not much worried except I am very cross with him for vanishing with all that money on him. So I turn over and go to sleep.

All on a sudden, another character shakes me, and when I look up I see another ghost.

At that I am real angry and about to ring for my boy and bawl him out for letting these ghosts in, when the spirit says, "I am the ghost of the past."

With that he whips me down the Peak like lightning, and there is Hongkong just like it is when I first arrive.

I am quite young again dressed like an Edwardian toff, and talking to old Sam who is not old then, by the way.

We have just done down a few widows and orphans, and old Sam is saying, "I will treat you to the best glass of lemonade the Club serves."

I wake up yelling, and the boy comes into the room complaining I am frightening the servants.

So I turn over and go to sleep and think maybe the hot-dog I eat for my dinner is a bit too sumptuous a meal.

The next thing I know is the ghost is back and says he is the ghost of the present.

I tell him to leave it on the bed and sling his hook, but the same thing happens and I am carried down the Peak and bunged in my office just as I am refusing to subscribe to the poor children's fund.

I wake up screaming again, but I am just in bed.

I go to sleep again, but this time I take no notice when the ghost arrives and just let him blather. But what he says scares me. He says, "If I do not shut out a bit for the poor and stand a few rounds of drinks at the Club, Well....."

So, (says Bob) I have decided to reform, and be of one of good cheer with my fellow men. For the ghost said, if I did not, I should die very soon all alone and unloved.

On the other hand (said Bob) the ghost said that if I reformed, I should live to be loved and respected by everyone in Hongkong and doubtless finish up with a statue to me, and one or two O.B.E.s. to keep me going.

"Well Bob," I said, "I am indeed glad to hear that you intend to hand round a few



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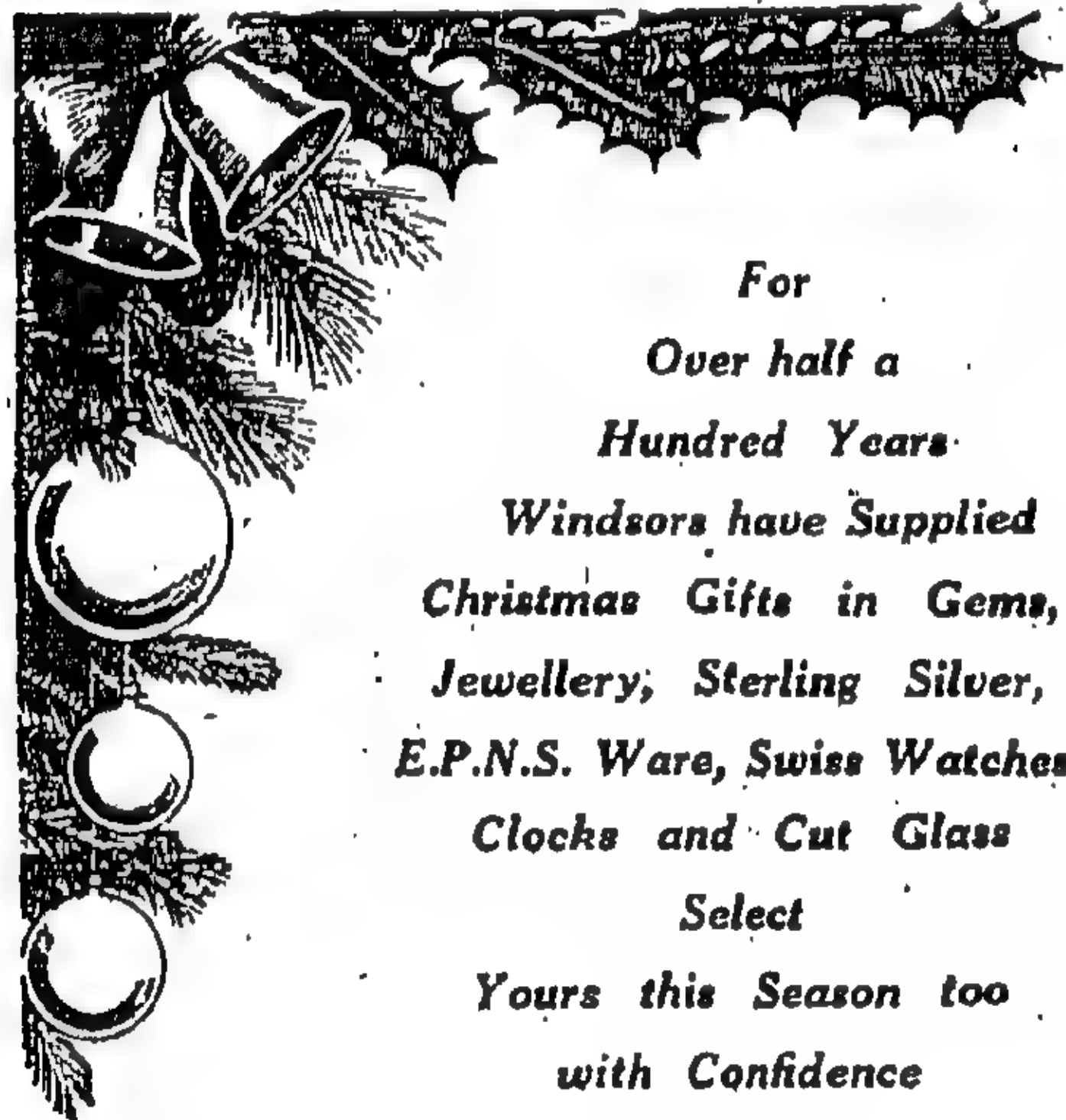
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WHITE LADIES AND OTHER SPOOKS

By CYRIL DONSON

WHITE Christmases may be in short supply but there's likely to be no shortage of WHITE LADIES, the white-clad women who haunt about a dozen houses in England at Christmas.

Yuletide seems to be their favourite time for showing themselves, and white the fashion most favoured.

As midnight strikes on Christmas Eve in a mansion in Suffolk, near Mildenhall, a White Lady will appear. Silently, with superb grace, she will float through the large, spacious drawing room if she keeps her appointment. Her expression is sweet but sad as she glances back before vanishing through the solid doors.

hoping to see the ghost of a huntsman with a stain on his cheek. For many years past footsteps, and the barking of a dog, have been heard on three nights in succession during Christmas week.

These sounds have been followed by three gentle taps on the door... then... nothing... but guests wait. Fifty years ago the knocking was followed by a vision... the huntsman himself!

NO one knows who she is. Another White Lady who appears at Christmas is rather more choosy. She only appears to those born during the month of December. She visits a home in the Quorn country.

She is seen in her favourite bedroom and her approach is heralded by a strange glow, as soft white light illuminates the room. The gown she wears is like lustrous white silk, her face is filled with a sadness that is unforgettable. It is said she mourns a lost love, a fickle lover who broke a tryst on Christmas Eve—and so she, with broken heart, keeps the tryst every year, hoping that he will come.

THEN there are the Brown Ladies—not so welcome as their stately white counterparts. The most famous of these, and certainly the most carefully authenticated of ghosts, is one that appears at the Norfolk seat of the Townshends. Two guests here once sat up after all others in the house had retired for the night. The Brown Lady appeared to them, a lovely creature in a rich brown brocade gown.

Her features were so clear to them that one was able to make a sketch of her!

Seeking a lost lover, another Brown Lady glides dismally through three rooms of a house in the Duchy of Cornwall on Christmas Eve.

A BONY, emaciated ghost, said to be that of a miser, makes his appearance in one of the halls of Yorkshire. He is thought to have made a vast fortune out of the poor of London during the Plague, and then retired to the big house to count his money for the rest of his days... always living in deadly fear that he might have caught the dreaded Plague. He was, in life, shunned by the wealthy because of his unsavoury reputation... and so he returns each year to continue counting his hoard.

MOST of the royal residences too, have their ghosts and at least one is said to materialise on Christmas Eve.

It is the phantom nun—according to eye-witnesses, an exceedingly mournful apparition, wreathed in a veil of cobwebs and with gaping, empty eye-sockets—which haunts Sandringham House.

This royal home was built on what once was the site of a nunnery.

The ghost, according to legend, is that of a beautiful girl, daughter of a knight, who was murdered by the abbot because she seduced the abbot's brother shortly before he was about to enter a monastery.

The girl was persuaded by the abbot to become a nun to expiate her sins. She entered



ARTICLE NUMBER EIGHT

the nunnery on Christmas Eve. The abbess bridled her up alive in one of the crypts and put a curse on her. Ever since she has appeared, the story goes, on Christmas Eve, sadly roaming the scene of her tragic death.

BUCKINGHAM Palace too is said to have its Christmas spectre. This is a white, emaciated figure which walks along the terrace of the west front of the palace, clanking its chains dismally.

It is said that the ghost is that of a monk who was put in chains and lodged in a cell for some wrong-doing, and there he died, in his chains. The spot where Buckingham Palace now stands was indeed land owned by the Church in pre-Reformation days.

ST. James's Palace is haunted by the Duchess of Mazarin, a former mistress of Charles II—she is seen wearing only a thin nightdress.

Sharing this haunt with the lady is a more gruesome one, that of a leper, who is supposed to appear at times in the courtyard, where in former days a leper hospital once stood.

Whatever view you take of Christmas ghosts, it seems hard to doubt that some ghosts do exist.

WHAT of this incident which occurred in broad daylight, was witnessed by hundreds of people, and happened little over thirty years ago?

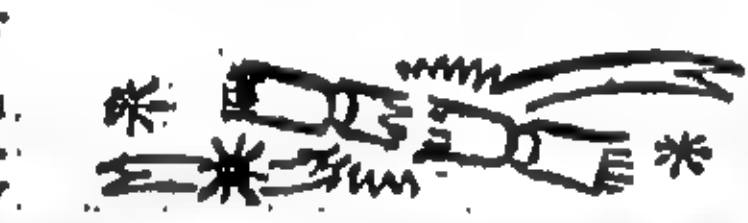
At Ripon, Yorkshire, there is a building known as the Wake-man's House. It is remarkably

well-preserved considering it was erected in the 13th century. The local Wake-man lived in it. The house had stood empty for many years, then, after being cleaned and generally reconditioned, it was opened before a large crowd. This was in 1923. As part of the ceremonial, the city horn was blown outside the old house. Loud and clear the horn sounded, and then, as the last notes faded away... the crowd suddenly gasped...

EVERY eye was glued to a window in the ancient house. A figure was standing inside the room, staring out at the crowd... a figure dressed in clothes of a period few could recognise... Descriptions were taken afterwards, and each tallied. From these the authorities established the figure had been wearing 13th century clothes! Copy of a painting of the first Wake-man to live in the house was unearthed by a local historian. Every detail of the figure seen by hundreds at the window that day tallied exactly with the picture of the first Wake-man, Hugh Ripley.

SOME doubt might arise if only one had seen the figure, but when hundreds saw it simultaneously, and many descriptions fitted perfectly the picture of Hugh Ripley (never seen before by any of them), then it makes you think, doesn't it?

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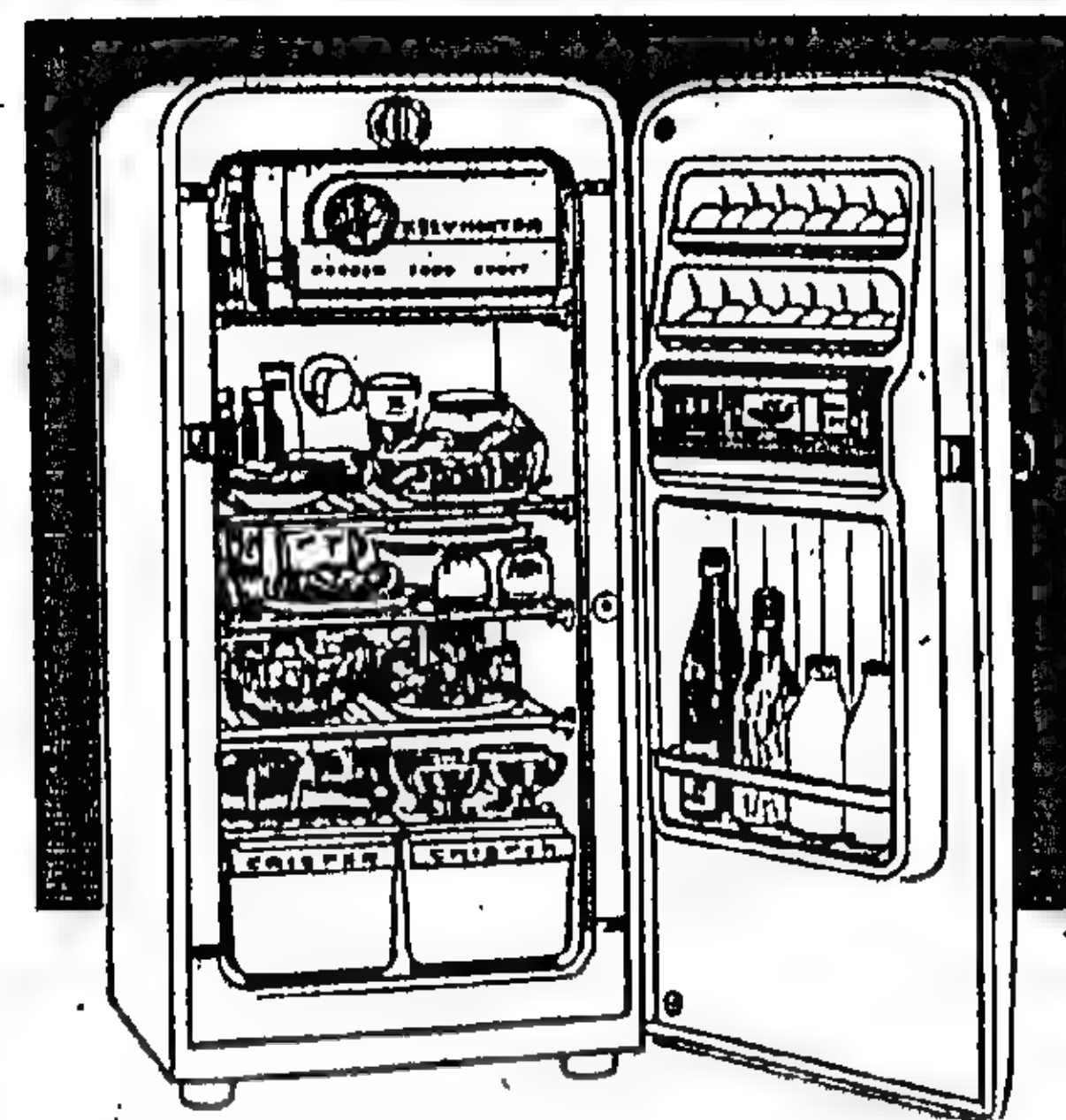
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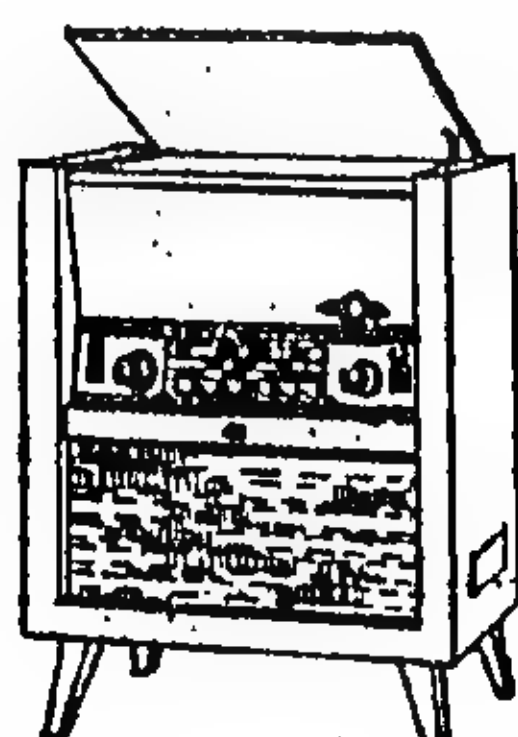
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The passionate convict pops up in a bank vault

ROBERT PITMAN'S

book page

WHILE brokers and top-hatted messengers hurried to and fro below, the author led me up a great marble staircase to the scene of his discovery. Near us was a boardroom the size of a small cathedral. We were at the power centre of one of Britain's biggest banks. But our purpose in the City had nothing to do with money. We had come to see the place where the bank manager first met the passionate convict.

Let me explain. The bank manager is Mr W. S. Hill-Reid. When he retired from his West End branch he was asked to research into banking history. He was given an office just by the huge boardroom. He began working through dusty bills and ledgers from the vaults.

And suddenly, one day, in that office near the boardroom we came across the convict.

As we climbed the marble staircase Mr Hill-Reid told me how it happened:— "An old chest was brought up from the vaults. I don't suppose it had been opened for more than a century. Then, as I turned over the old papers inside it, I saw two bundles quite different from the rest. They were a strange pencil-written diary."

For Hill-Reid intense excitement followed. As he worked over those crumbling pages he began to see the passionate young man who had written them—a man who was sentenced to transportation for life in 1803. The man had begun his diary in the dark hold of a convict ship; he had continued it in cells in Australia.

And now in JOHN GRANT'S JOURNALS, by W. S. Hill-Reid (Helmans, 21s.), the convict's amazing story has been told by the bank manager who found his diary 160 years later. You will see why I say amazing.

Take the beginning of the convict's story. In 1800 young John Grant was a respectable City clerk. Then he fell in love with a peer's daughter. The girl responded. But her family did not. In particular John Grant's advances were felled by the family solicitor.

In a frenzy of love John Grant challenged the solicitor to a duel. The challenge was declined. Dismayed, Grant sought out the man and offered him a choice of pistols. When the solicitor ran away Grant discharged a barrel into the seat of his breeches.

John Grant's journey had begun. The ammunition was only buckshot. But he was condemned to death. Later, after a reprieve, he was sent to Australia instead.

On landing the educated Grant did well. The wife of a judge found him charming. He was allowed to work for kindly free-settlers. He became the lover of a gentle little Irish woman.

Assiduously Grant sent details of all his love affairs home to his widowed mother in Chelsea. But for Grant the pain was still to come.

Everywhere Grant noted the wrongs inflicted on his less-fortunate comrades. He saw men flogged. He saw women forced to wear gruesome weighted halters looked round their necks as a punishment. John Grant bombarded the authorities with protests. Then the authorities struck back.

Grant was sent to a penal colony on a distant island. He was forced to wear shackles night and day. But his courage did not falter. With shackled hands he played the violin to the family of settlers which employed him. And he still wrote his denunciations of the men above.

At last Grant was brought in his chains before the officer in

charge of the island. After politely discussing the question of legal rights with him, the officer suddenly hissed: "I'll prove to you, John Grant, that I can have you whipped."

A few hours later, as Grant lay half-dead from 25 lashes, his cell was opened. But it was not a doctor. It was the blacksmith bringing back his chains. Such were the sufferings of John Grant. Yet he won the right to return to Britain after only eight years in Australia. And the name of the official who worked for his release is a surprise. It was Admiral Bligh, formerly of "The Bounty."

Yet how do we know all this today? Grant sent his journals back to a friend, a banker, in England in the hope that they would be published to expose affairs in Australia. Later, his friend's firm failed; it was taken over by one of the major banks. It was left to Mr Hill-Reid to bring it out of the vaults of the big bank a century and a half later.



Dismayed, he discharged a barrel into the seat of the solicitor's breeches.

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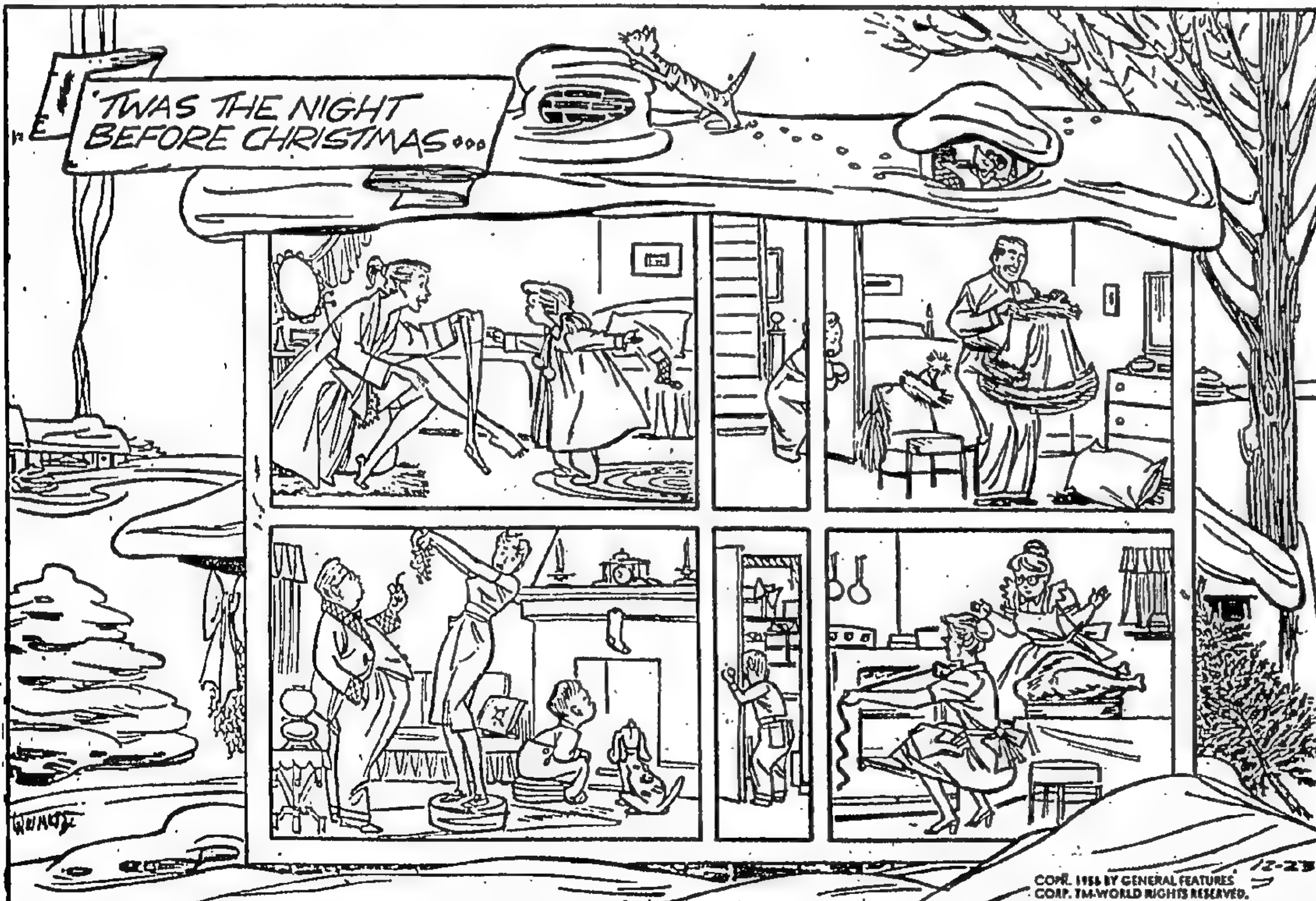
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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

It's Here Again

BY HARRY WEINERT



The Tragedy Of Our Soccer

THIS LIES IN THE FACT THAT THE UNEXPECTED SELDOM HAPPENS

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

In recent weeks there have been some important and highly significant happenings in the world of international football and it is almost impossible not to compare them with our football affairs in Hongkong.

For example, three famous British soccer personalities have just published books in which they have openly commented upon and honestly criticised the game as it is played, and as it is organised, in the United Kingdom today: an international match between Ireland and Italy in Belfast has finished in an uproar and with several of the Italian players being injured by spectators who attacked them after play had finished.

Two referees have been attacked by spectators in important senior games in Europe; and the second round of the FA Cup has been played and has produced the usual crop of bit-upsets which give such a kick to knock-out football.

The first great realisation that comes from trying to set these happenings alongside events here in the Colony is that we have settled down to a pattern of soccer similarity. Time and again one feels like rilling back and saying "It's where we came in." It's rather like the feeling you get after sitting through the same movie several times. The original sense of satisfaction wears off and one is left looking rather critically at what is behind the flush of first impressions.

"Face-lift" Needed

One of the writers who is mentioned above gave it as his opinion that football in England was badly in need of a "face-lift," and that is probably as accurate a diagnosis of what is needed here as could be devised.

One well-known personality who is no longer active in our football world made the remark not so long ago that the only thing that ever changed in Hongkong football was the colour of the shirt which a particular player wore from season to season... and that was indeed a pretty shrewd assessment of the local situation.

In the years immediately after the war the soccer-starved crowds flocked to the grounds whenever a game was scheduled to be played. Officials in charge of clubs apparently took it for granted that football, whatever its quality, would pull in the Hongkong fans. Club officials in the United Kingdom made

exactly the same error of judgment, and these soccer activities took place many miles apart the consequences have been rather similar.

The Colony soccer fans—like their British counterparts—have become very cheery. Rowdies full of fun are seen only when there is a special attraction. All the ballyhoo and all the gaudy stories full to tempt the crowds against their better judgment and it is rather obvious that the fans are eager to see something new... or at least see something different.

The standard of football has, of course, dropped in the past few years, partly through the systematic cornering of the best available talent by a few powerful clubs; partly through the diminution of the inter-community challenge from the non-Chinese clubs; and partly because of an absence of a genuinely progressive policy in Hongkong football.

South Korea, impoverished but soccer-wise ambitious, has already shown what forceful planning and enterprise can do. Their participation in the 1954 World Cup Series pointed the road for other Far East football organisations... and that surely should include this Colony.

A Close Affair

In a domestic sense a great deal of our football has become no better than commonplace. Last week-end, for example, we had the opening round of the Senior Shield, but so settled is the local soccer plan we did not even have the stimulation of a real surprise result. As expected, South China, KMB, Eastern and Sing Tao advanced into the next round. It is true that the South China-Army game was a close affair; it is also true that the Club had

early chances to shake up the Bunsen; and maybe the Tigers' victory margin against Jardines was wider than expected... but... so what?

That's the tragedy of our soccer. The unexpected so seldom happens... and even when it does it is airily explained away as the consequence of some gambling arrangement... which is often not only a convenient, but also a face-saving excuse.

With the present placid pattern of Colony football, however, certain beneficial developments have taken place and they will weigh significantly in the long term balance of our progress. The crowds have settled down to accept what is served up to them without any really important sense of participation in the sense that one finds it demonstrated in Europe or South America for example.

Provocative

Here the most provocative situations are accepted with a resignation that would astonish the fiery football fans in many other parts of the world, and those of you who saw the television film last night of the disgusting international match between Ireland and Italy will know what I mean.

The unsavoury incidents in the closing stages of the Victory Shield match at the Club Stadium on Tuesday would almost certainly have provoked a very different crowd reaction had they taken place in many soccer centres. I can think of the disgusting international match between Ireland and Italy will know what I mean.

the film of the Ireland-Italy "Battle of Belfast." The utter lack of control by the Italian players certainly infuriated the partisan Irish spectators to vitriolic verbal abuse... but nothing can ever justify the brutal mob violence which followed the final whistle, and which saw Italian players being viciously attacked by swarming hordes of football fanatics.

Trampled Upon

Several players were kicked, struck to the ground and trampled upon before the police could get to their assistance. If the current "sameness" and lack of variety in our football means we shall be permanently excused anything resembling the brutal Belfast bonanza, then maybe we should be glad of what we've got.

Nevertheless the happenings in Ireland at once again a timely reminder to players, and officials, that they carry a great responsibility with them whenever they run on to the field in front of a big crowd. A thoughtless act could so easily spark off a fire among the fans... and when fans and fire are in proximity, there is usually burning trouble for someone.

...I can think immediately of our several soccer souls who would benefit a great deal from seeing this film which shows, in the most practical way, the cross consequence of irresponsibility on the football field.

I was most interested in a China Mail reader's letter with his comments on the referee who had charge of the South China-Army game last Sunday. It was indeed a good thing that the crowd behaviour was a lot better than that of some of the players, or we might have been treated to the dastardly scenes we saw taking place in

I did not, of course, use the word in relation to the physical aspect of the referee's endeavours. Rather did I use it to convey the sense of simplicity which I saw in his performance. There were no "tricks"... no irritating mannerisms... and no buck-passing gestures like pointing majestically to a linesman's upraised flag as though to say "and don't blame me, eh?" HE'S the one who decided you were off-side...

In The Way

It is true that he got in the way of the play three times but, one of the situations arose through an Army defender miskicking, I count it as two "intrusions". This is a feature of refereeing which is to be seen frequently in the work of newcomers to the Colony because they are often bewildered by the switching methods of the Chinese players... who, by general British standards, are unorthodox, particularly in attack.

Nevertheless there was nothing in this reader's letter which made me want to change my opinion of the referee concerned. I thought he did a most intelligent job...

It looks as though the football fans have been given a week-end off by the HKFA for there are only two games on the Senior programme... and strangely enough there is no game on the Hongkong side of the Harbour tomorrow.

Club will meet CAA at the Club Stadium this afternoon and as both sides need points, this could be quite a game.

Tomorrow Kitchener tackle Jardines at Boundary Street and should add another couple of points to their total.

"Bayer's" TONIC



Jardines Cricket Team For Sunday

The following will represent Jardines in a cricket match against Dodwells on December 15 at HKCC:

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What The Christmas Angel Told Santa



THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL was sitting on the very top of the Christmas tree. She was quite used to her place, for she had sat there for three Christmases. She wasn't as white and silvery as she was the first Christmas, but she was still a pretty Christmas Angel.

"Must be nearly midnight," she thought, "for the hearth-fire's out. But how I love the warm glow in this room."

"How I wish there was someone to talk to me. How sad that all the other Christmas decorations are only tinsel and glass."

You see, the Christmas Angel was lonesome. She looked forward to a Christmas Eve chat. And here she was, alone in the long living room, talking to herself.

THEN SHE HEARD a little noise. Before she had time to think, an elfen Santa bounced across the room. She looked down on the white pom-pom atop his red cap as he stood beside the Christmas tree.

"Hi, Santa," whispered the Christmas Angel. Santa looked all around. He looked up at the Christmas tree, which was in the path of light shining from the street lamp outside.

Then Santa saw the Christmas Angel.

"Hello, Christmas Angel. I remember talking to you last year. We had quite a chat. I recall our talk almost word for word. It was in this room and at this very time."

"You were so sure that Christmas would be better if I were left out of it. I just didn't agree with you."

"OH, SANTA!" the Christmas Angel broke in. "I didn't mean that the children could get along without you. Your being there is so much pleasure."

"But they do lose track of the real joy in gift-giving when they think too much about getting presents."

"I think, though, that some children know that too. Why here in this house, Lorne and Warren give cheerfully in the ways they can."

"I know they do a lot more just before Christmas. But it helps Mrs. Saunders to have Warren run her errands. And it is a help to Mrs. Gray to know Lorne will run to the store for her when she cannot leave her baby."

"The two little boys in this house have been helping to fill their world with the spirit of Christmas. They pick up their toys and even take their overalls off without one single reminder."

"And the Christmas spirit is catching. It spreads from the home to the street and then through the community. I am sure that Lorne and Warren have done a lot to fill the world with the Christmas spirit."

SANTA SMILED. "Christmas Angel, you have certainly brought me back to the matter in hand."

"No dolls for this house," he said, saying aside a pretty, curly-haired doll. "Mm, let's see..."

"Oh, Santa, do let me tell you what the boys really want for Christmas. They have been talking about them all year."

"They want cowboy suits. Do you have cowboy suits to fit boys of five and seven?"

"Well, I think I can find two suits in this big pack. I'll be glad enough to leave them here."

"I remember asking Daddy Santa for a cowboy suit when I was six."

"Strange! You know, I never got it. I guess he was afraid I would like horses better than reindeer when I grew up. If only he could see my airplane."

By this time Santa had put two cowboy suits at the foot of the Christmas tree. He put down two big bags of candy, nuts and fruit too.

Then he put down a train to run on a track.

He closed the pack up tight again, saying, "There! That should make Lorne and Warren happy on Christmas morning."

The Christmas Angel clapped her hands and made all the little glass bells tinkle on the Christmas tree. The bells made a little tune that seemed to say "Merry Christmas" and the Christmas Angel added softly, "Santa Claus."

—By Florence Whitfoot

Saphronia Goose Goes For A Lonely Stroll

SAPHRONIA GOOSE was rocked in her chair. The fire was low, but she didn't care.

"Merry Christmas!" she scoffed. "It's all fiddlesticks. 'Merry nothing whatever—I'm on to their tricks."

"My neighbours all think they can give me a gift. And I'll come round through the year and give them a lift."

"I've tended the little jays all summer long. And what do they give me? Well, hardly a song."

"I've brought lettuce heads to Oliver Rabbit. He offers a ribbon and thinks that I'll grab it."

"I've made many a cake for the fox family. But they have done practically nothing for me."

"A little dried spinach, some left-over peas—'They surely must think that I'm easy to please. I'll shut up the house and go for a walk."

"If my friends think it's queer—okay, let them talk. 'What do I care if it's Christmas Eve? I'll go empty-handed—I've nothing to leave."

SHE PULLED down the shades and closed the front door.

Put on her muffler and tied it afore.

Then started off down Mulberry Lane, chattering again her unhappy refrain, "Christmas Eve! I care if it's Christmas Eve!"

"I'll go empty-handed, I've nothing to leave."

She turned at the bend near the sycamore tree, "Chanted to glance upward and whom should she see."

But young Susy Squirrel, Sus was clearly so busy, "She merely called down, 'I'm quite in a tizzy!'"

"Excuse me, my dear, I must see to my cake. 'If I burn it, I can't get another to bake."

Mrs. Goose tossed her head and went on her way. "I notice she didn't invite me to stay."

"The next time she wants a favour from me, 'I'll just answer back, 'Go climb a tree!'"

Crossing the ridge she met Anthony Drake. "Good evening," then ran to overtake.

Cornelius Groundhog, who was walking along, "Humming the merriest Christmas song."

SAPHRONIA TURNED to go back to her house. "I think," she decided, "I'll ask Milly Mouse."

"To come over and share my Christmas with me. 'She's lonely, too, and it's easy to see."

"That nobody else wants MY company!"

She retraced her steps down Mulberry Lane. "Passed by the bridge and the weather vane, "Turned in her gale and, to her surprise,

A wonderful sight met her startled old eyes. The house she had left with the shades pulled low

Was now full of laughter and all aglow. There were sounds of singing and sounds of cheer.

There were all the sounds she'd been longing to hear. She saw Ollie Rabbit inside the door.

With Susy, Cornelius and several more. "Welcome! Saphronia!" they shouted with glee.

"Come join in our Christmas jubilee. We've come to wish you joy without end."

"Because you are our warmest, most generous friend!"

—By Mabel Harmer

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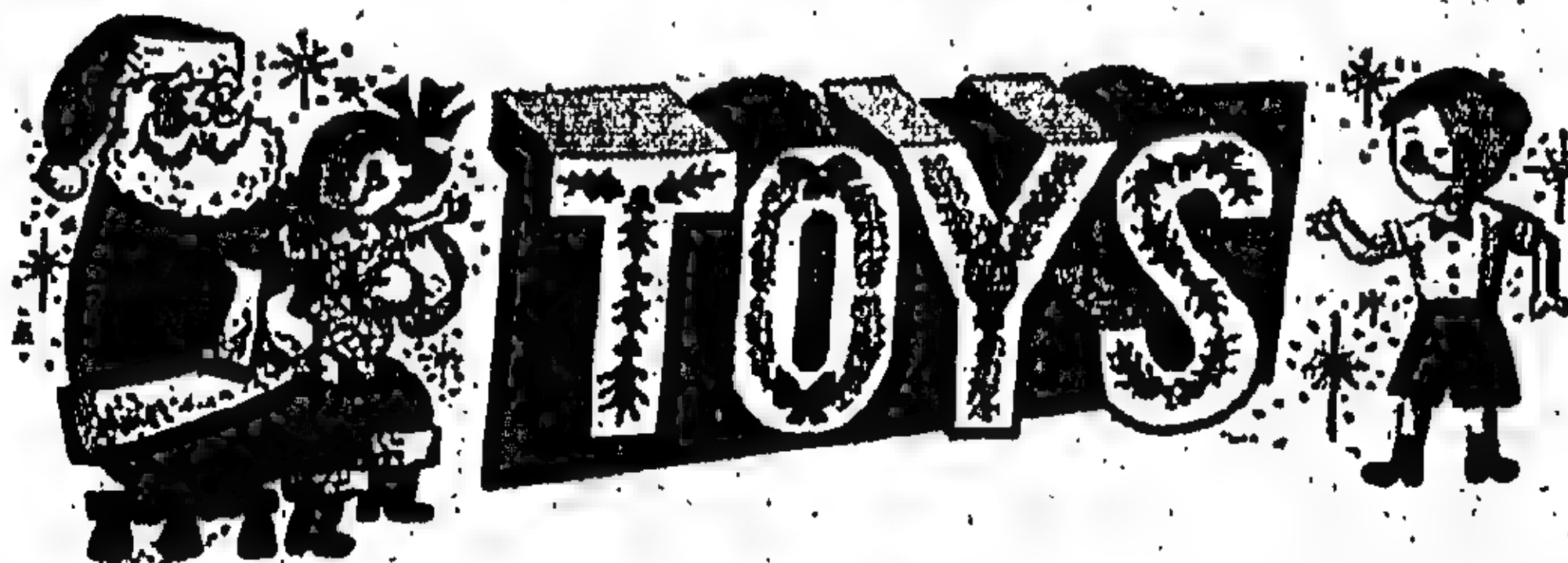
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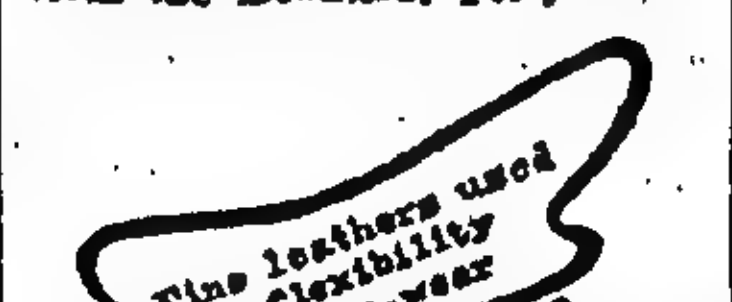
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Christmas Pages For Children



Give An Old-Fashioned Christmas Party

THE happy Christmas season is a perfect time to share your happiness with others by giving a party. If you want a "party starter" try this Christmas race. Line your guests up at a starting line. Give each one a spoon to hold in his mouth. Place a plastic, unbreakable Christmas tree ball in each spoon. Show them the finish line. Usually the other end of the living room or hall is used as the finish line. At the word "go" the racers are to start skipping to the finish line. If a contestant drops his Christmas tree ball, he must go back four steps.

The one finishing first, of course, is the winner of the game. THIS YEAR at your Christmas party or just when the family is having fun together, wouldn't you like to try a game that people played at Christmas time hundreds of years ago?

This is how to play the game of "Hot Cakes," one of the favourite games of children and grownups in days of long ago. One person is chosen as "it" and has his eyes blindfolded. Then "it" kneels with his head in the lap of another player who is seated on a chair.

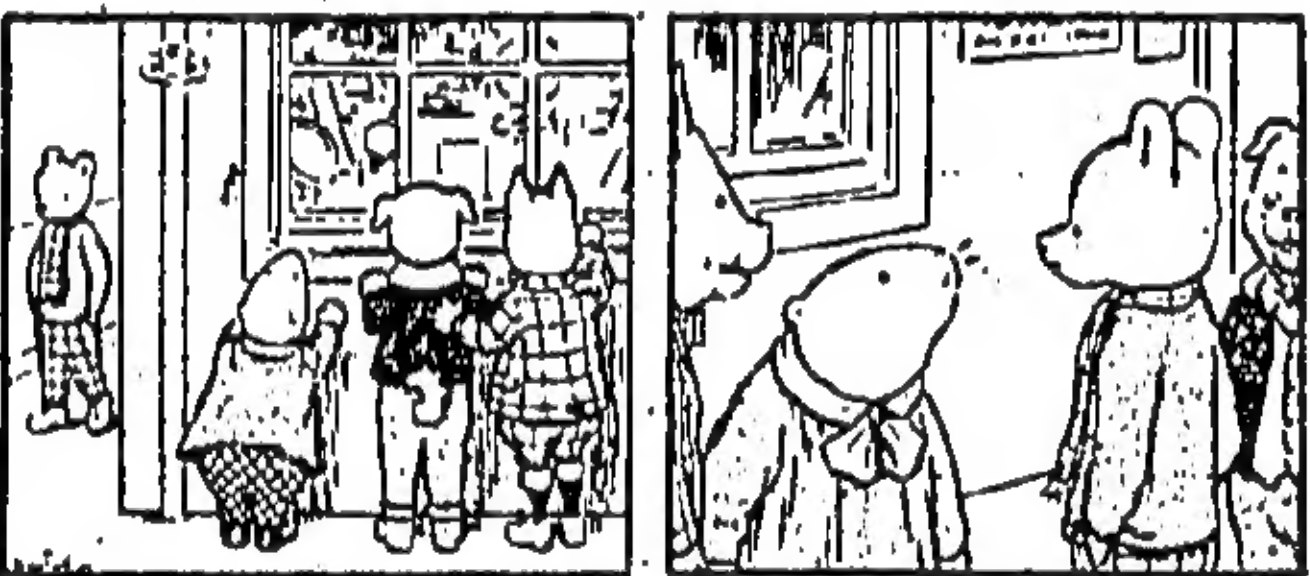
The blindfolded player places his hand on his back with the palm upwards, and calls "Hot Cakes."

This is a signal for the other players to strike his open hand. "It" tries to guess each of the players as they strike his hand in turn.

If he guesses correctly, the striker whose name he guessed must take his place. Try "Hot Cakes" this holiday season and see if you don't enjoy it as much as those other players did who played it so many years ago by the light of candles and the blazing Yule log.

—By M. Ullmark

Rupert and the Thinking Cap—1



Christmas is quite near, and although the excitement of preparing has begun, Rupert is walking quietly with a thoughtful expression. Just round a corner he finds his pal, Algy Fox. Podgy Pig, and Gregory Guinea-pig, sitting little Gregory doesn't say a word.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Do You Know How To Trim A Tree?

OUTSIDE snow was falling but inside Jimmy wasn't paying any attention. He was seated with pad and pencil before a fire in the big living room of his house.

"What are you doing, son, making a list of the things you want for Christmas?" his father asked as he walked into the living room with his evening paper.

"No, dad, I'm making a list of the most important things about Christmas trees so ours will be the prettiest and the safest ever."

"That's a good idea. What do you have on your list?" Jimmy's father said as he lit his pipe.

"Well, first the tree should be well anchored and set in a pan of water. I've also noticed that only a few trees are perfect so the best side should be placed out away from the wall."

"That keeps the tree safe, as well as pretty. What's next?" "Next come the lights. The electric wiring should be inspected to make sure it's safe for the tree, and then wind the lights spirally around the tree, or string them up and down giving a cone effect."

"We didn't do that last year, did we?"

"No, and remember how bunched our lights looked. They were all at the bottom of the tree with none near the top," Jimmy said.

"You're right about that. What's next on your list?" "The ornaments are next and they should be fastened so they won't fall off. We need some new ornaments this Christmas, so let's try some of the new plastic ones that won't break!" Jimmy said.

"You're forgetting some of the effects we get with old-fashioned things like stringing cranberries and popcorn for decorating our tree, aren't you, Jimmy?" "No, I'm not, dad, that's on the list too. Of course the last thing is the tinsel or icicles. Only a few should be used so as not to over-decorate the tree."

"That's a good list, Jimmy. You know I'll bet every Christmas tree would look better this year if all boys and girls made lists like yours and passed the suggestions along to their parents."

By EMORY J. ANDERSON

THESE ARE FUN AND EASY TO MAKE

HERE'S HOW to make some little individual trees to use as favours for the Christmas table. They're fun to make, and as bright and gay as Christmas time itself.

For each tree you will need five long green pipe cleaners and an empty spool. The long pipe cleaners are best for this. You can buy them in different lengths and many colours.

Twist the five cleaners together for another third, and branch off two more. Bend the remaining cleaner down to top of spool.

Turn up the ends of the branches a little. Set the tree in the spool.

To trim your tree, draw and colour bright little balls and birds and hang them on the branches. Little chains of coloured paper links are pretty too.

THINGS TO DO: TRY THESE FOR YOUR GIFTS

PLACE these stunning Early American planters on the mantel and hear the compliments from family and friends.

You will probably have to go to a country hardware store to find the old-fashioned kerosene lamp burners and chimneys.

You can use any type of bowl. Antique pairs such as sugar bowl and creamer or cut-glass bowls are good. So are plain ones like those copper-coloured aluminium popcorn bowls.

See that the bowls and chimneys have good proportions together. The next step is to locate two little tins (frozen juice tins

cut down will do) and make them the exact height of the bowls. They must also be the right size on top to hold the burner bottoms.

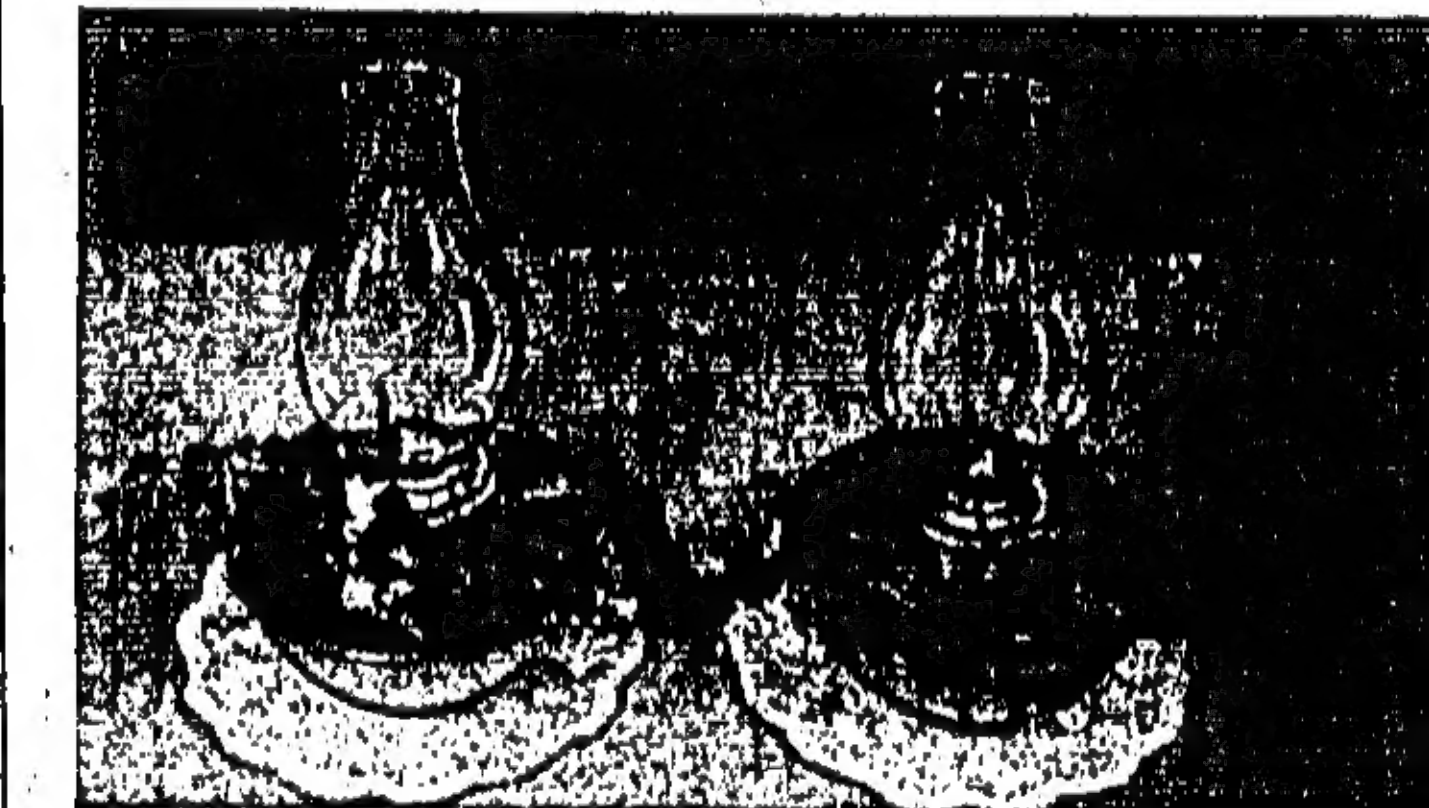
Place them in the exact centres of the bowls and fill them with melted paraffin, letting it run down the sides to anchor them securely to the bottoms of the bowls. Be sure the burner is level and well imbedded in the paraffin.

When the paraffin is set and you are sure the burners are secure, line the bowls with two thicknesses of aluminium foil

paper. This keeps the soil from coming in contact with them and ruining them for later use.

Fill the bowls with good potting soil and plant with ivy, philodendron, or any creeping plant.

Then tip the chimney tops with lacquer the same colour as the bowls. This last step ties in the bowls with the chimneys and gives just the right finishing touch to the planters.



These planters have a professional look.

Our Gifts Problem is Solved!



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SANTA CLAUS IN PERSON

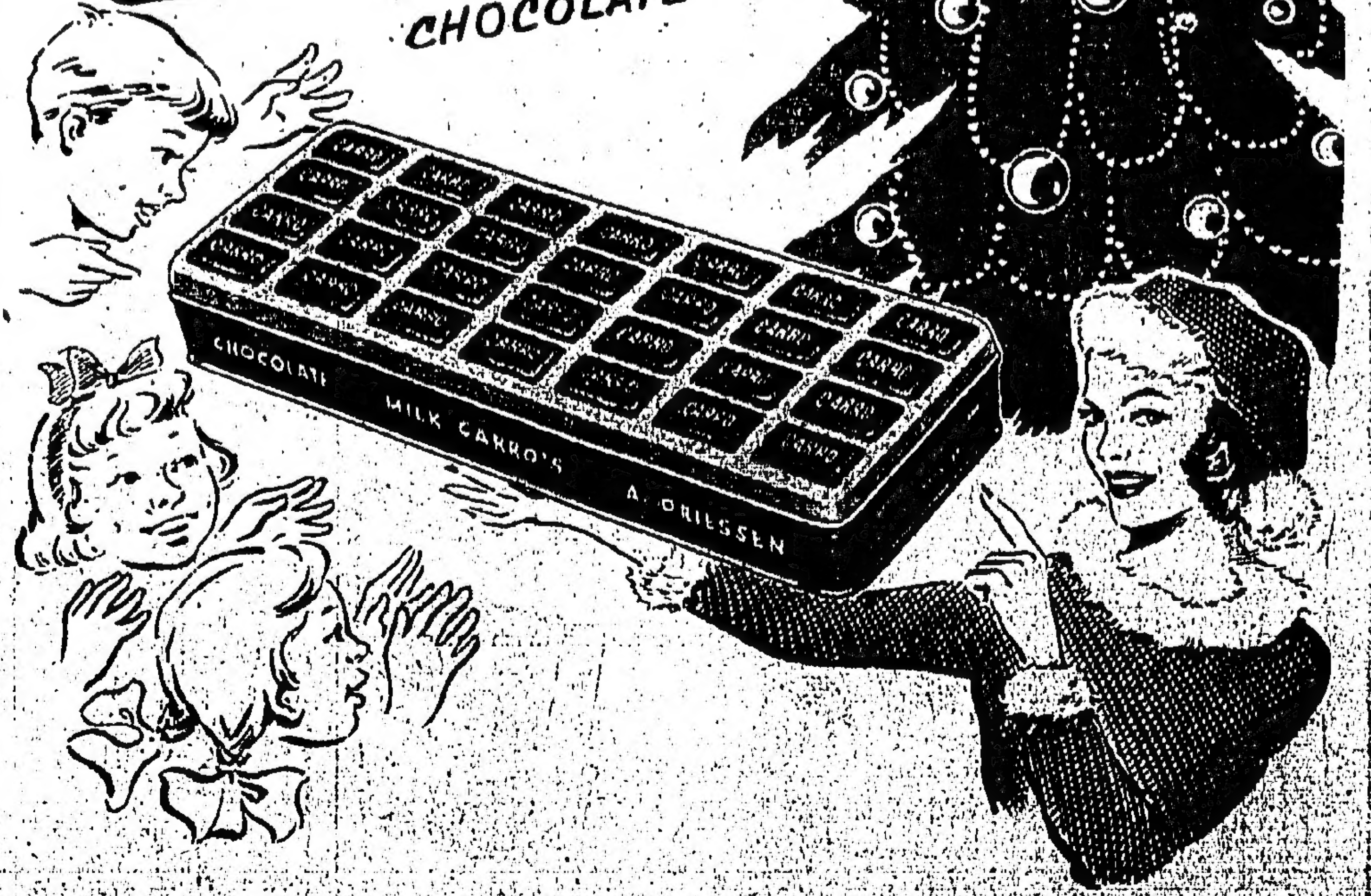
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COME ONE—COME ALL!

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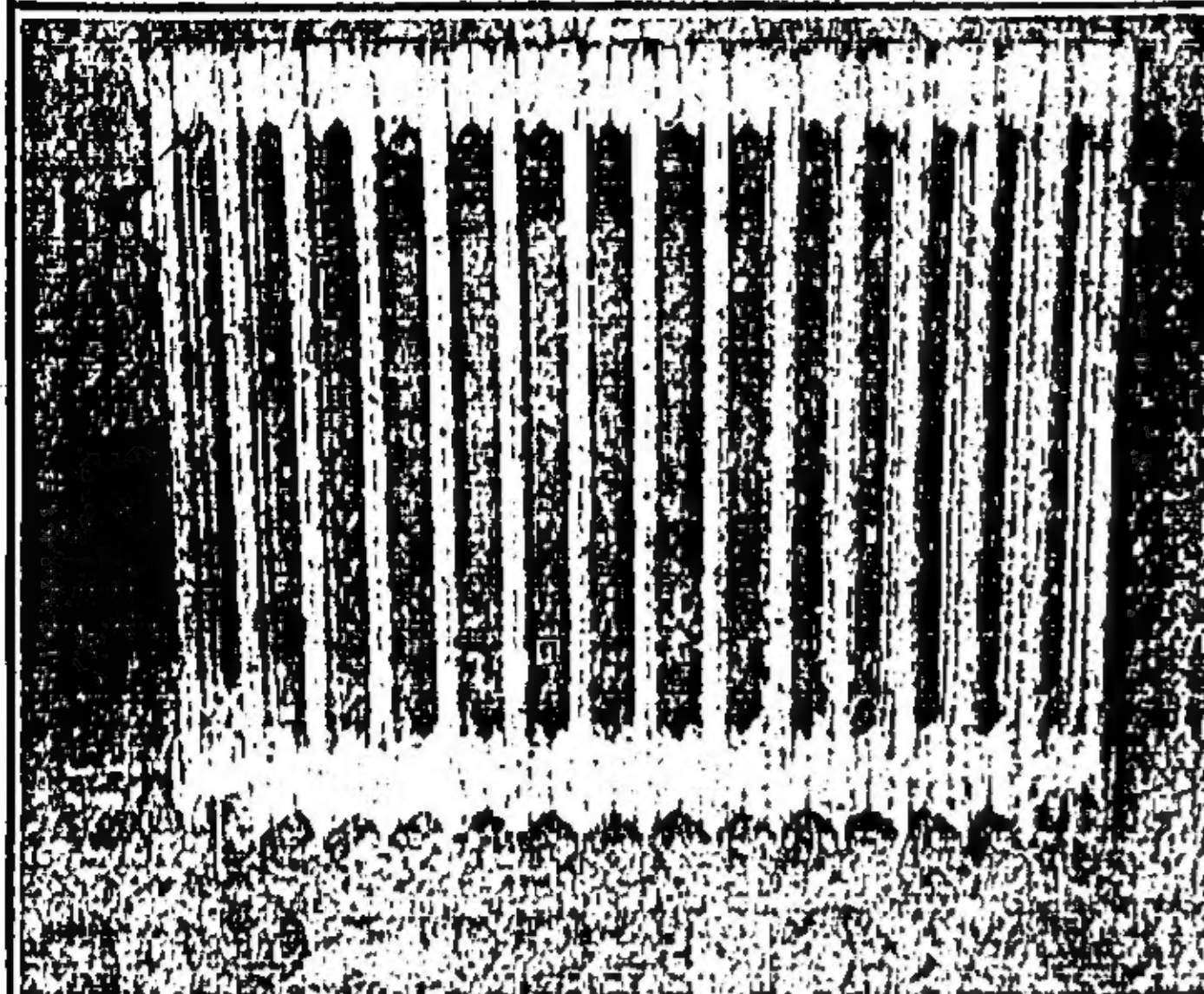
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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Simple Play Shows Skill

By OSWALD JACOBY

A COUPLE of weeks ago I devoted my articles to hands played by some of the young women who have recently established themselves in national competition. Judie Dickinson, a student at the University of Illinois, hasn't gotten around to national competition, as yet, but her game shows great promise.

West opened his fourth best diamond against Judie's four-spade contract. East won with the ace and returned the suit so that the defence had three tricks before Judie could do anything but follow suit.

West shifted to a trump and Judie played four rounds. She noted that West had started with nine spades and diamonds, so that the queen of clubs would probably be in the East hand, but

NORTH (D) 30	
♠ A Q 2	
♥ A 7 3	
♦ 8 4 2	
♣ K J 10 8	
WEST EAST	
♠ 9 7 4 3	♠ 5
♥ Q 10 8	♥ J 8 6 4 2
♦ K J 9 7 5	♦ A 10
♣ 8	♣ Q 9 7 6 3
SOUTH	
♠ K J 10 8 6	
♥ K 5	
♦ Q 6 3	
♣ A 4 2	

Both vulnerable
North West South East
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
2 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass
Pass Pass
Opening lead—♦ 7

Judie also noted that she had a sure method, not a probable method of locating it.

East had made four discards, two hearts and two clubs. Judie proceeded to take her king of hearts, lead a heart to dummy's ace and trump the last heart.

East and West each followed to these three heart leads and now Judie had a perfect count of the hand. West had seven of four spades, three hearts, five diamonds and one club.

Judie led a club to dummy's king and returned the jack for a sure-fire finesse.

The play was simple but the technique perfect.

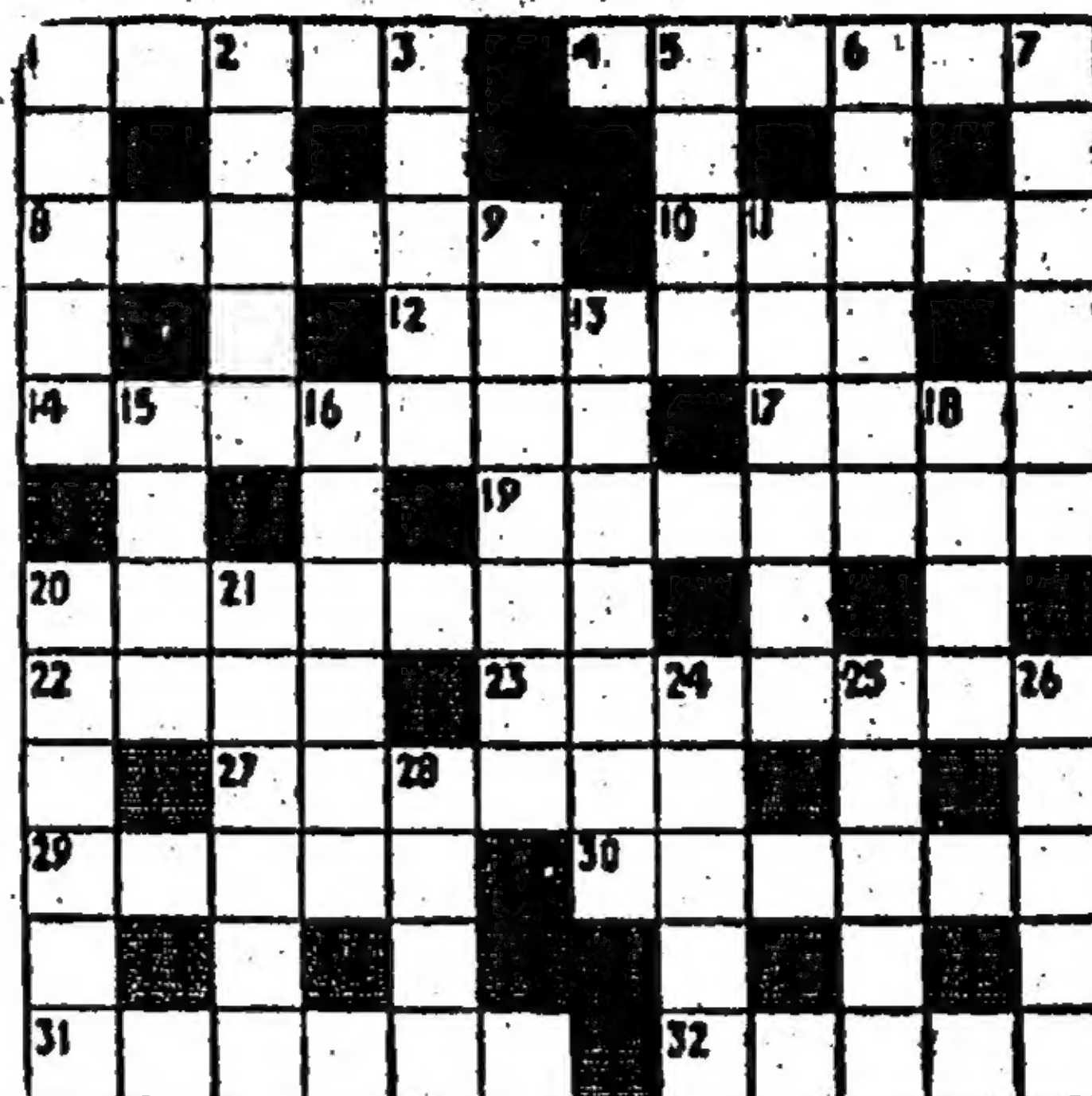
HEARD SAYING

Q—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
1 NT Pass 3 NT Pass
Pass Pass
You, West, hold:
♠ 9 7 4 3 ♠ 5 2 4 3 10 7
What do you lead?
A—The three of diamonds. This suit offers the best possibility for developing tricks.

TODAY'S QUESTION
You hold the same hand and the bidding has been the same except that East, your partner, has doubled the three no-trump contract. What do you lead?

Answer on Monday

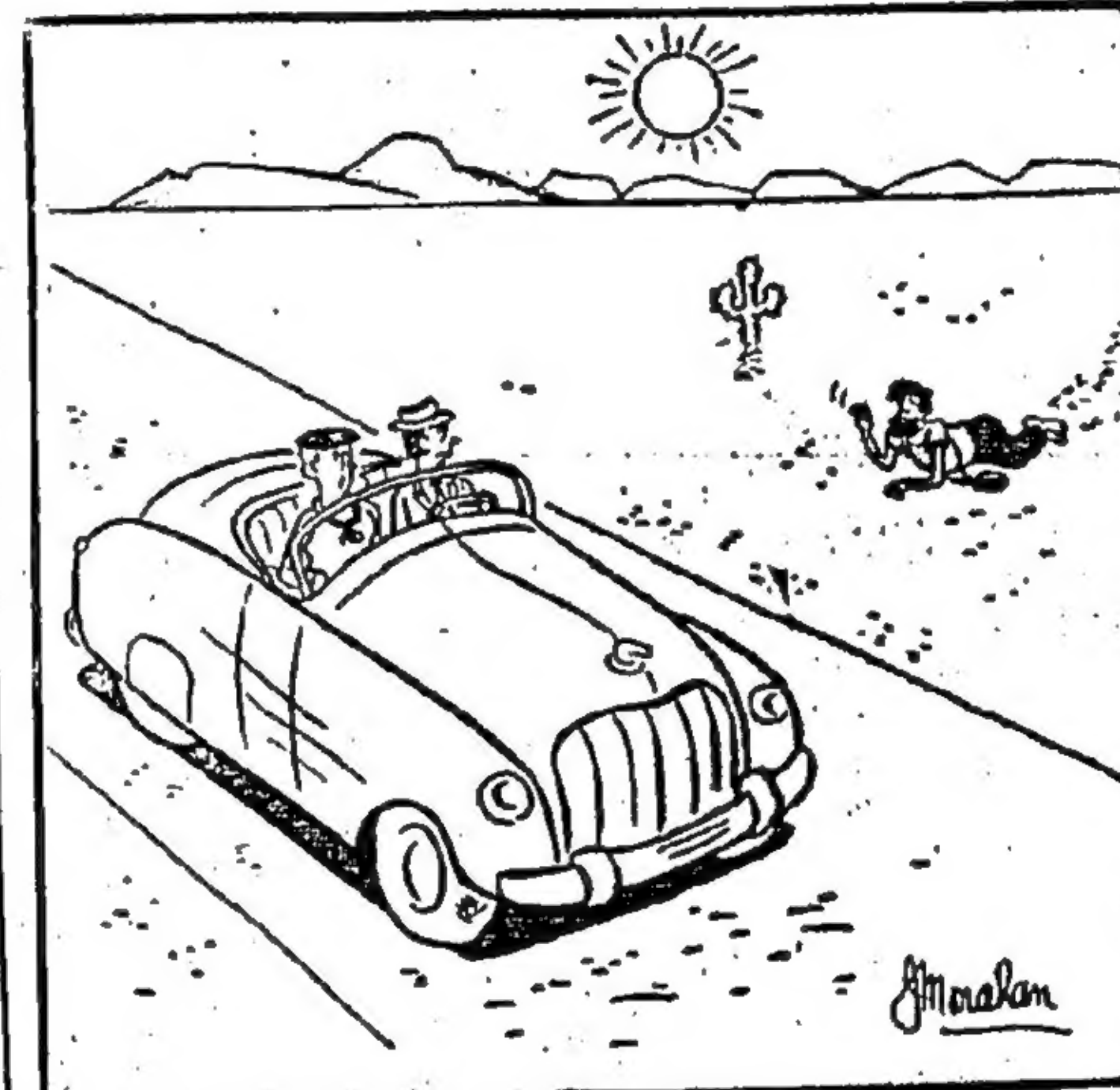
A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- Dollars for animals (5).
 - Worthless cheque (6).
 - The quest of the alchemists (6).
 - May keep one clean (6).
 - That incentive (6).
 - On top of the world? (7).
 - Slaughtered (4).
 - Nuts (7).
 - Physical exam (7).
 - Pacific efforts (4).
 - Boring things to use (7).
 - Mainly pleasant creed (6).
 - Solo (5).
 - Fish bait (6).
 - Moves furtively — and feloniously (6).
 - Punish with it? (5).
- DOWN
- Concocts something (6).
 - Like crackling? (5).
 - Not quite the same as a cut (6).
 - Rip in a hurry (4).
 - Girl in a shrub (6).
 - Renovates (6).
 - Rush about wildly (7).
 - The GPO's are such services (6).
 - Scottish dancing? (7).
 - Employed us to start with (4).
 - This fruit is in the rain! (6).
 - Formerly (4).
 - Wherein one can easily be bogged down (6).
 - Signify (6).
 - Runs into (6).
 - Come in, please (6).
 - They may be black and/or lost (5).
 - Battery part (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Scornful, 8 Apex, 9 Slapdash, 11 The Buffs, 13 Thor, 15 Competes, 16 Rarities, 19 Epsy, 21 Forester, 25 Confines, 26 Peas, 27 Listless. Down: 1 Mist, 2 Mere, 4 Calf, 5 Haps, 6 Flash, 7 Lehar, 9 Super, 10 After, 12 Hooks, 14 Obese, 16 Talon, 17 Sires, 19 Excel, 20 Pints, 21 Phil, 22 Reds, 23 Trex, 24 Rose.

This Funny World



"Now, George—no hitch-hikers."

BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

IT is reported that a lion is being flown from England to Africa in response to the urgent request of a film producer.

It might please the humiliated inhabitants of Africa if Hogswash asked them to have a lion flown from Africa to England for the big scene in the film he is making about William Tell. As a politician said the other day, "Mutual and reciprocal decency is the dynamo that oils the wheels of international co-operation."

Dr Rhubarb's Corner

P. L. writes: My husband is so tall that, in our tiny house, he has to sleep with his feet stuck through the bedroom window, and jokers hang things on them in the early mornings. What can we do?

Dr Rhubarb says: If the objects hung on his feet are not claimed within seven days, they belong to your husband. Buy a larger house with the proceeds.

Waste of time

"EMPTY gestures of defiance," is that graphic phrase was described a wrestling match in a pit filled with marine glue. The contestants could not get anywhere near each other. Their struggles exhausted them, and their threatening onths and clenched fists became more and more ludicrous. After four hours they were dragged out in a fainting condition. The magistrate who tried the case said: "Such a fatuous performance cannot be dignified with the name of wrestling. You might as well box in a pit filled with treacle." "Don't put ideas into our heads," muttered the siller of the two antagonists.

Notes from the byre

IT used to be said that nothing makes a cow so contented as music at the byre, but now that psychologists are at work on animals, it is believed that the "tunes must be carefully selected." Obviously a sudden blast on the trombone is disconcerting to a cow, whereas a silvery strain on the harp may be more likely to raise the milk yield. An experiment in a field near Thetford showed that, while listening to Debussy's *Jardin sous la pluie*, 47 cows out of 49 lay down, as though it were about to rain.

Tail-piece

DR SYMBIUSMUS (Whom God Preserve) of Utrecht is said to have perfected a new and powerful deterrent. It is described as a jet-propelled, guided, rocket-firing submarine, able to fly under water.

CHESS NEWS

Solution No. 5318: 1 R—R8 ch, K—K4; 2 P—B5ch! P×P; 3 Q×Pch! P×Q; 4 R(QR8)—K4 mate.
London Express Service

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3 JET-PROP SERVICES TO TAIPEI—3 TO TOKYO—WEEKLY

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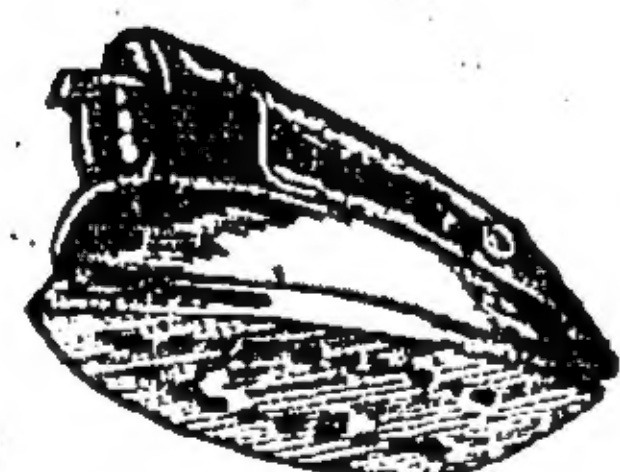
Be his Christmas Angel!

give him

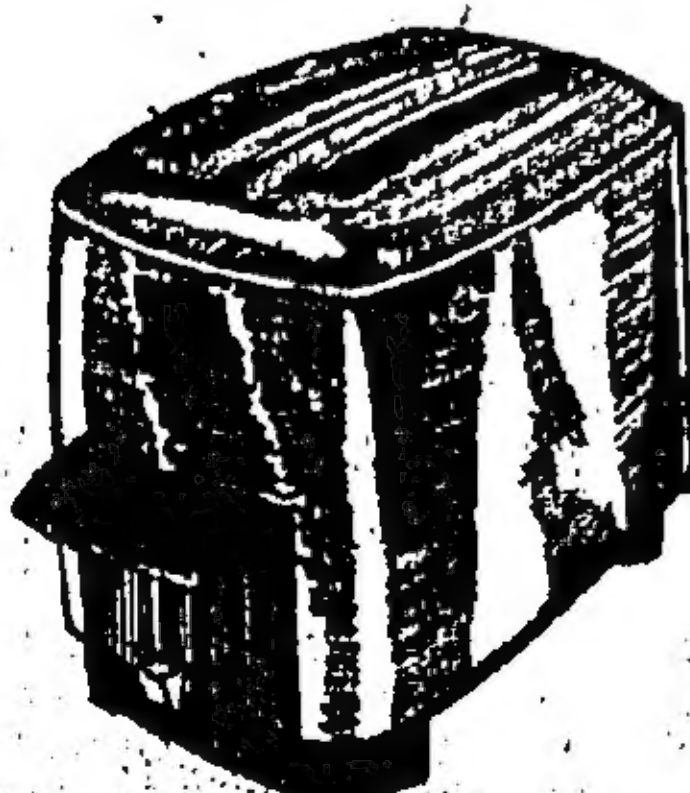


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YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14

BORN today, you are clever and determined. You are ambitious and have a strong will. Once you have made up your mind to do something, there is very little that anyone can do to change it. You know what you want and go out after it without deviating from the main objective until you have attained success. This is not to say that you will ride roughshod over others in your progress, for you are kind and sympathetic. But on the other hand, you don't intend to let anything stop you once you are started. You are fond of travel and probably will visit many of the far places of the earth during your lifetime. You have the happy faculty of being able to make a home wherever you hang your hat. You have a serious interest in travel and are not a typical tourist. You manage to learn something new from each place you visit and your mind becomes a storehouse of unusual information which you can bring out any time you wish. You have an acquisitive mind and enjoy delving into the mysteries of life and the unknown beyond.

Perhaps your major fault is that you are impulsive and are apt to jump to conclusions. You are too much influenced by exterior appearances. For one who has such a keen mind, this is a flaw which you must learn to correct. You are quite intuitive and this may lead you to make decisions without too much analysis. Sometimes it might be wiser to "sleep on" an idea before committing yourself.

You have a magnetic personality which draws people to you, but you are highly selective when it comes to making close friends. Take care in marriage, for you must find someone whose temperament is suited to your own or considerable unhappiness could ensue. For you, a long engagement would be wise. Love and marriage at first sight could become a tragedy.

Among those born on this date were: Orson Smith, banker; F. L. Chase, philanthropist; Nathan Foster, educator and early president of Yale; Charles O. Whitman, biologist; William H. Wahl, scientist; and General James H. Doolittle, aviation pioneer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)—Make this a friendly day. If you find things getting too social day, invite family and close friends to your home for a needed rest.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—There is romance in store for you today. Don't be so busy that you don't enjoy yourself with your loved one.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—There may be almost too much social activity scheduled, so you can afford to be a little selective. Accept a preference.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Stay calm. Nothing and you can straighten up minor upsets which plague you. Afternoon and evening are fine.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Confusion may start off the day, but if you take the helm, you can steer your household into clear seas by lunchtime.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Morning devotions can bring the peace and comfort you need. Consider any new ideas carefully before deciding.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may be asked to participate in some neighbourhood event. Give of your time as well as of your funds.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—You may be asked to participate in some neighbourhood event. Give of your time as well as of your funds.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Show a co-operative spirit and you will get along splendidly with members of the family and all your friends.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Count to 10 if tempted to answer in haste or in anger and all will go well with you today. Just use self-control.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Personal affairs may seem of paramount importance, but community events may also call for your co-operation.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Try to get some rest today so that you will be in the pink for the Christmas festivities coming up soon.

BORN today, you have many of the qualities of a fine teacher. For you have the desire to impart knowledge, the patience to do it, and the desire to inspire students to do their work at all times. You have an inquisitive mind and a fine memory which allows you to store up information to use at will. Since you speak well in public, you would make a fine preacher or public lecturer. Since you write just as fluently, you would do well as a writer on serious subjects. History, philosophy and the sciences might all hold your interest.

You can be analytical and critical and have the ability to search a subject so thoroughly that when you finish, it can be said you have complete control of all the known facts to date. Since you are able to present dry data in an interesting manner, you will be able to sugar-coat serious subjects so that they are palatable, even enjoyable, to all.

If all this appears to make you a rather pedantic and dull person, this is far from the truth. You enjoy social activity and are popular wherever you go. You have the faculty for making friends, with the result that you are often the centre of any group in which you happen to be. You are fond of pleasure but have the happy faculty of being able to put duty before all else, to get it done in record time. Then, you forget the job and enjoy yourself as if you hadn't a care in the world. This ability to balance work and play is likely to be one of the reasons that you continue to be so productive throughout your long life.

Among those born on this date were: Maxwell Anderson, author and playwright; Hans Carossa, author and poet; Louis Lombard and Erskine Caldwell, authors; Bishop John B. McQuaid, noted cleric and orator; Charles A. Young, astronomer, and Cecil Arden, singer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)—Good fortune is smiling broadly in your direction. Take full advantage of opportunities now offered.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—Your major activities are scheduled for speed-up. Get a lot done today and achieve a major objective.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can be your big romance day. If unwed, make or receive an important proposal which brings lasting happiness.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Combine business and social interests to good advantage. Let one help the other. Take the initiative and prosper.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Combine personal and community interests. You may be asked to participate in some community event. By all means, accept.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Social activities of a romantic nature may take the spotlight for you. This can be a very happy day.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—

DARTWORDS START HERE

THIS official starter in today's word game is PHOENIX and you have to make your way from Shakespeare's Duke of Milan to PHOENIX.

You do this by rearranging the letters in the words in the circle in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of the following rules:

(1) The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.

(2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

(3) It may be found by adding or subtracting one letter from or changing one letter in the preceding word.

(4) It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor or association of ideas.

(5) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place or thing in fact or fiction.

(6) It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.

(7) It may be a typical successor of words in a series.

(8) It may be a word which follows the preceding word in a phrase or idiom.

(9) It may be a word which is a synonym of the preceding word.

(10) It may be a word which is a synonym of the preceding word.

(Solution on Page 22)

TARGET

T	E	L
R	U	N
S	F	E

How many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the target? The letters in the target are: T, E, L, R, U, N, S, F, E. The letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word must contain the letter 'E' in the center square, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names.

TODAY'S TARGET: 40 words, good; 45 words, very good; 50 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.

CROSSWORD

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88
89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96
97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104
105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112
113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128
129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136
137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144
145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152
153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160
161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168
169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176
177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184
185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192
193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200
201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208
209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216
217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224
225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232
233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240
241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248
249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256
257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264
265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272
273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280
281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288
289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296
297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304
305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312
313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320
321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328
329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336
337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344
345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352
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CHRISTMAS

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